No. 264—Vol. XX.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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No. 264.—Vol. XX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 23, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photographic Study by *H. W. Nicholls*

"MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT!"

The King Consults "Dr. Brighton"

BRAVING THE ELEMENTS ON A GUSTY DAY ON THE FRONT

Photo *Bolak*

His Majesty, walking with a firm step across the Parade, one day this week, with his host, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, opposite the latter's residence at Hove, to take up a favourite resting-place in a sheltered corner of the private gardens on the front, whence a fine view of the angry sea could be obtained

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Brighton and the King

The misfortune of a host or two—such as Lord Burton—has been the good luck of Brighton this December, where the presence of his Majesty has made a prodigiously good season. Apparently, the world at large expects great wonders from what Thackeray called "Dr. Brighton." For hardly had the King reached Mr. Sassoon's Hove house than the papers were full of the advantage his Majesty had received. As a matter of fact, we must give a little more time and possess our souls in patience. The King has laboured so fully and freely for so long a while that at last he feels something of the pressure of the hand of time, which most of us would have known twenty years earlier. It is rather absurd to suppose that a few days by the sea will restore his Majesty to the energy and vitality which is his normal state. In the meantime, the Prince is taking up some part of the burden which his father has carried so untiringly. In future, it is said, the Prince will be more in London and at Frogmore, of which agreeable house a photograph is given.

* * *

The Prince and Princess of Wales

The Prince and Princess of Wales, although more overshadowed by their parents than is the ordinary lot of a future King and Queen, have yet very strong personalities of their own. When Prince George married, the public became both sentimental and unsympathetic. It took the Prince and Princess of Wales quite a long time to live down the idea of that happy union. Now all is plain sailing, and Queen Alexandra herself finds great satisfaction in her son's happy *ménage*.

* * *

Sailor Simplicity

The Prince of Wales, like most sailors, is a man of a simple turn of mind. He knows what he wants, and when once he has decided on a path for himself deviates neither to the right nor left. For the rest, he is extremely reserved. The public knows little more of him than that he is, after Lord de Grey and Mr. Walter Forbes, the best shot in the kingdom, that he hates a "fuss," and is a devoted father.

* * *

A Prince Edward Story

The Princess has all the high domestic virtues. She makes herself very agreeable, does plain needlework at home, and teaches her daughter to do likewise, and is genuinely compassionate towards the poor and suffering. Her charity takes a practical, not a sentimental, form, and I could tell of very many kind things the Princess has done in the most unostentatious way to bring happiness to those who are unfortunate. "A regular little mother," as someone described her, she is ever anxious in her method of bringing up Prince Edward. Said a certain divine to Prince Edward, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Colonies, "How glad you will be to have your parents

Photo *P.P.A.*

Frogmore House, Windsor, where the Prince of Wales is to reside more frequently than formerly

The health of the King is necessitating certain changes in the work of the Prince of Wales, upon whom is to devolve, temporarily, some of the duties hitherto fulfilled by his Majesty. The Prince will go into residence more frequently at Frogmore instead of at York Cottage, Sandringham, in order that he may be more closely in touch with events and with the King, a move which will facilitate his Royal Highness's work with his Majesty

A Duke, a Knight, and a Diplomat of the Hour

back!" "Oh! I shall!" was the somewhat dubious reply; "but you know mother's rather trying sometimes!"

* * *

Very English

The Prince and Princess like to be somewhat old-fashioned at home, and there is rarely a day that the Prince doesn't read aloud some interesting book to her Royal Highness whilst she knits or sews. Her photographs, by the way, do not do her justice. She has, as a keen critic once said, "the prettiest mouth and teeth in the world," and the play of her expression is very attractive. She has a good mezzo singing voice, and dislikes riding, bicycling, golfing, and such things. Both Prince and Princess are exceedingly English in their tastes. They like "nice" people, and the "Marlborough House set" is a charming one from every point of view. The Prince is said to be a rich man, and he and his wife are liberal housekeepers. When they come to the Throne they mean to be, above all things, English.

Photo *L. N. A.*

The Duke of Fife on Board the "Marmora"

On the way to Egypt, where he and the Princess Royal and their children have gone for a holiday

* * *

Winter Abroad

It is unfortunate, now that the King has, as it were, rediscovered Brighton, that the Duke of Fife, with the Princess Royal and their two charming daughters, should find it necessary at this time of year to seek the sunshine of Egypt. For the Duke has a very pleasant big house at the Kemp Town end of Brighton—where the King has sometimes stayed—and the Princess and he might form a delightful circle there in the winter, such as would recall the pleasant parties at the Pavilion under William IV., of which the memoirists tell. But since his marriage the Duke has rather avoided the society of which he was once so agreeable a light. That, however, one remembers, was long ago; his eldest daughter will come out next season; and already he seeks the comforts and pleasures of wintering abroad rather than those of entertaining the society of these islands. The Princess Royal may be said to lead the most private life of all the Royal Princesses, but she has many times shown the kind sympathy which is so marked a characteristic of her House, and will, it is hoped, with returning health, be much more about in the world, which greatly appreciates her gentle and generous nature.

* * *

Crowned Madness

Was King Ludwig II. of Bavaria mad? This question has just been revived by the appointment of an Aide-de-Camp of the dead King, Count Ueckheim-Montmartin, to the command of the Second Bavarian Army Corps. The official story has been retold in a Munich paper, and the extraordinary eccentricities of that "Shelley on the Throne," as the King was called, have been once more recalled. Of the madness, in fact, of this wild friend and devoted patron of Wagner there can be no doubt. His relations with the great musician—whose daughter, by the way, is to marry on Christmas Day (see page 578)—were of the most intimate, and Wagner celebrated the friendship in prose and verse. The King's epistles to Wagner are equally romantic. He was "yours faithfully till death" to his "Exalted and Sublime Friend."

Sir Thomas Barclay

One of the recipients of Birthday Honours, who received the honour of knighthood at his Majesty's Investiture last week. He is well known for his philanthropic and public work in Birmingham

Photo *Park*

M. Constantine Brun

The new Danish Minister, who was received in audience by the King at Buckingham Palace on Monday, December 14

* * *

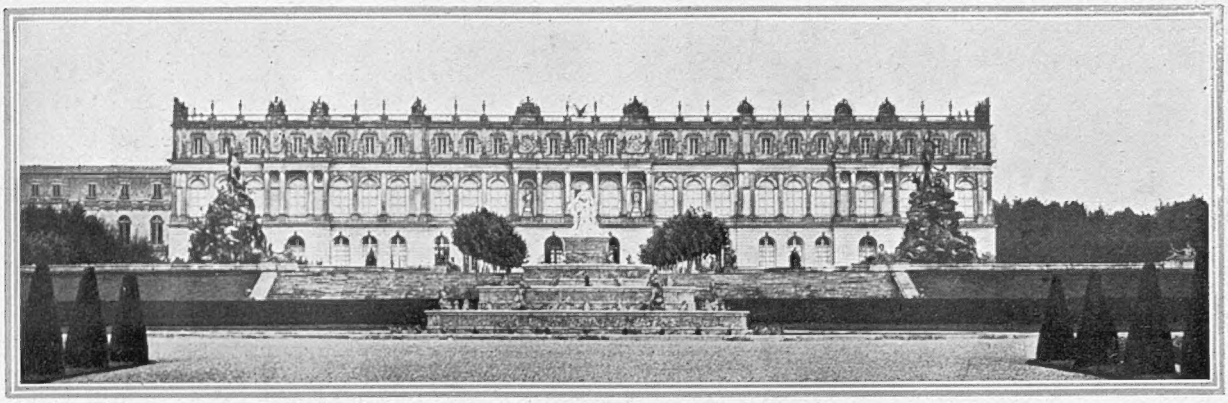
King Ludwig's Palaces

The building mania which seized the King was considered a sure sign of his mental unsoundness. This may be; but Bavaria and the world would certainly be the poorer without the magnificent palaces and castles he reared at enormous expense—Neuschwanstein, Herrenschiemsee, Linderhof, which rose as by magic amid the romantic surrounds of the Bavarian mountains, forests, lakes, and rivers. The King's brain reeled with the heroic deeds of the heroes and heroines of the Nibelungen Ring, and in Neuschwanstein, built in the mediæval German way, among wild gorges, flashing cataracts, and overlooking sublime mountain ranges, he reproduced in the "Hall of Singers" the ancient Hall of the Wartburg and the scene of the second act of *Tannhäuser*. In building

Royal Palace

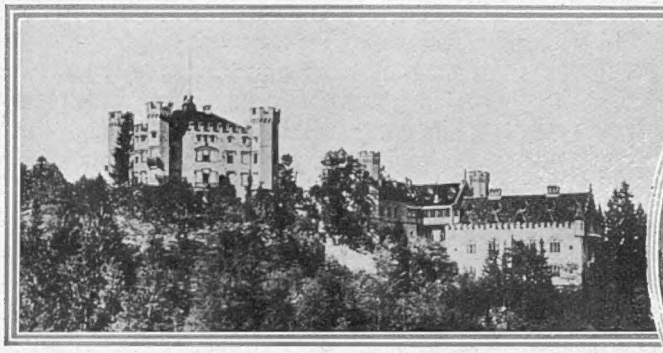
Dream Buildings of a Mad King

SOME OF LUDWIG OF BAVARIA'S ARCHITECTURAL FANTASIES



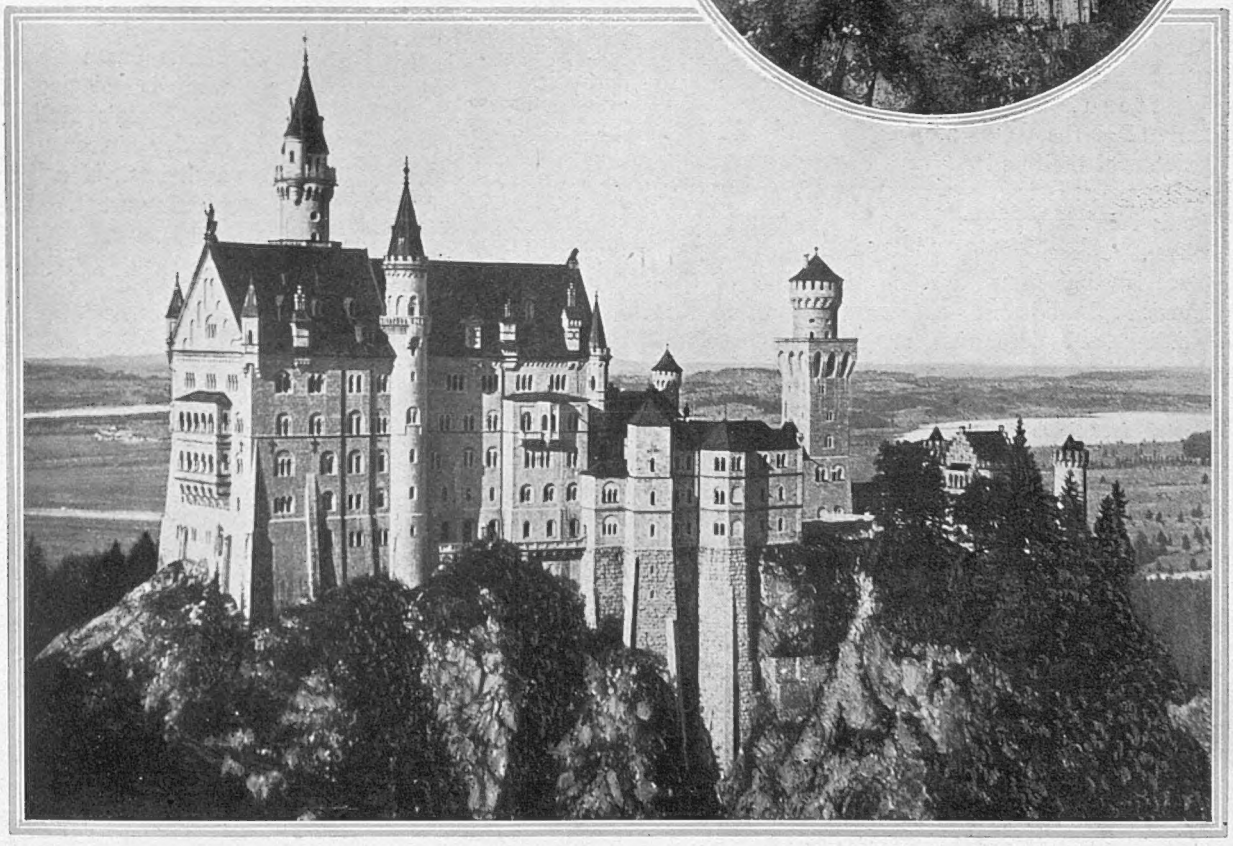
The Palace of Herrenschiemsee, built in emulation of Versailles

In the erection of this gorgeous palace at Herrenworth King Ludwig incurred debts of £40,000. Though modelled on Versailles, it is far more gorgeous, but is strangely situated in a desolate region



The Hohenschwangau Castle

Which, not pleasing the fancy of the King, was discarded by him for Neuschwanstein, which he built close by



Photos *Photocrom*

The Castle of Neuschwanstein, one of Ludwig II.'s most beautiful Palaces

Neuschwanstein, with its romantic scenery

It is one of the finest realisations of the mad King's dreams of what a true German castle of the old days should be. The walls of the rooms are painted with scenes from the Niebelungen Ring. Among other Wagnerian heroes, Tannhäuser appears frequently, for the castle is built, amid the most romantic Bavarian scenery, on the spot where he lived

A Businesslike P.M.G. AND THE New "Wireless" Station

Mr. Buxton (left) Inspects the Machinery

the splendid Palace of Herrenschiemsee, he paid homage to the memory of his ideal, Louis XIV. It is a modern, but unfinished Versailles, and more splendid. Its remoteness, in the desolate region of Herrenworth, gives its gorgeousness a touch of the strange. The gilded "Hall of Mirrors" is lighted with 2,500 candles, and the other glittering apartments are decorated with panel paintings after Watteau, Boucher, and all the Court painters of their period, while portraits of Louis XIV. are everywhere. The whole place is the most dazzling monument of the King's splendid but mad extravagance, in the building and decoration of which he got into debt to the tune of £40,000.

* * *

Postal Amenities

Bolt Head, the bold promontory which has been so modest a corner of South Devon, near Salcombe, all these years, has suddenly found itself famous. The first commercial wireless telegraphy Post Office station has been opened there by the Postmaster-General, and congratulations have poured upon it from all parts of the world. Mr. Buxton inaugurated the affair with wise words. How is it, by the way, that all P.M.G.s seem such just and prudent people? Somehow the Post Office invariably attracts the sensible, plain men to St. Martin's Le Grand. Mr. Sydney Buxton is the arch-type of such excellent people. He is straightforward, candid, conventional, hard-working. He has written on the Fiscal Question, and he is fond of fishing, so he has all the virtues. He has given us the penny postage with America, and has been very pleasant to the postmasters in Devon. What can a grateful, but anxious and eager, nation ask more of its Postmaster-General, or, in asking, what more can it hope to get?

* * *

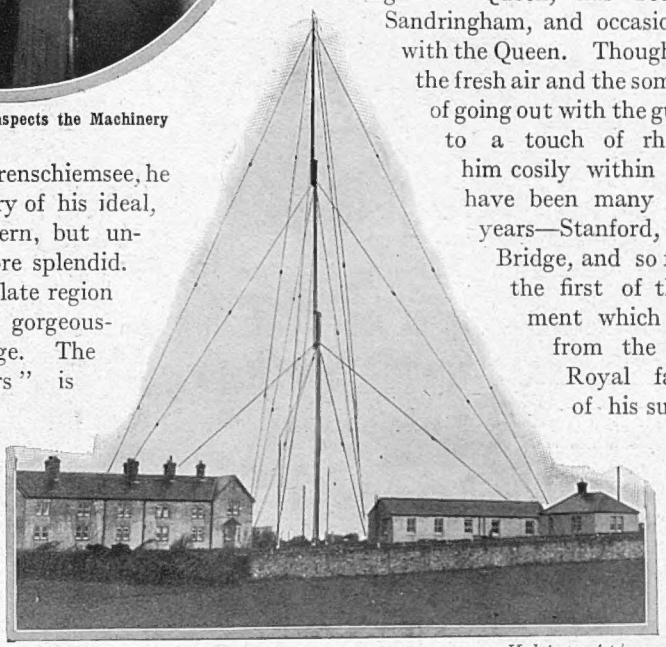
The Knight Musical

A very pleasing honour has fallen to Signor Tosti, to whom the King has given the distinction of K.C.V.O. Sir Paolo has long been appreciated in Court circles, and was made a C.V.O. some two or three years ago. He is a great favourite of the King and Queen, has been recently staying at Sandringham, and occasionally breakfasting there with the Queen. Though at first he bravely faced the fresh air and the somewhat fatiguing pleasure of going out with the guns, at last he succumbed to a touch of rheumatism, which kept him cosily within doors. Although there have been many musical Knights of late years—Stanford, Santley, Elgar, Sullivan, Bridge, and so forth—Tosti is, I believe, the first of the K.C.V.O.s, a compliment which comes, I think, rather from the personal taste of the Royal family than on account of his successes.

* * *

A Singer—

Miss Susan Strong, who is singing at the Queen's Hall on Sunday afternoon, the 27th inst., is a very pleasing artist. Her



Photos The Gigantic Mast at Bolt Head *Halftones, Ltd.*

The new wireless "Post Office," inaugurated by the Postmaster-General on December 11

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Postmaster-General (extreme left) has a look at the New Installation

To Ensure Success

Lady Betty (*to guest, who invariably blames his host's guns for his shocking bad shooting*): "I say, Freddy, there's absolutely nothing in the gun-room that will suit you, but I've found *just the very thing* in the armoury!"

BY A. K. MACDONALD

Personalities in Music and Sport

rendering of Wagner's music is conspicuous by its pure vocalism, and she is equally good in the lighter airs of Mozart, Verdi, and Gounod. Miss Strong had the advantage of being first heard in England at Covent Garden. She has sung in most of the principal cities of Europe and the United States in such parts as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre* and Venus in *Tannhäuser*.

* * *

—And a Violinist of the Moment

Miss Marcel Gluck, the young violinist, who made her London début under the patronage of the Duchess of Somerset at the Æolian Hall on the 19th inst., is a pupil of Sevcik. Miss Gluck made her first appearance last spring in Bucharest, the beautiful city of Queen Carmen Sylva, where she was formally presented to the Court, and played by the special request of the Crown Princess Marie—a niece of King Edward—before the assembled Court at the Palace of Cotroceni.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Sir Francesco Paolo Tosti

The famous composer, who was knighted at the Investiture by the King on December 14. He is the first musical light to receive the K.C.V.O.

Photo *Barnett*

Miss Susan Strong

The famous Wagnerian prima donna, who makes a reappearance—on the concert stage—at the Queen's Hall on the 27th inst.

* * *

The Headforts

Lord and Lady Headfort, who have lately been entertaining in so original a way, are a popular couple. Lady Headfort, *née* Rosie Boote, as all the world knows, was a Gaiety girl, the type that goes in for long walks, fresh air, cold baths, golfing, and conventionality. Her ladyship had refused many a proposal before she accepted Lord Headfort, and although the Irish are the most backward in coming forward people in the world, they did not resent her for a moment. She is the soul of naturalness. Her husband's tenantry at Kells, Co. Meath, greatly appreciate her. The family of Fitzpatrick are well used to beautiful and gracious wives and daughters. That delightful beauty, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, is a grand-daughter of the second Marquis, and her own charming daughters, the Duchess of Westminster and Princess Pless, show the Irish qualities at their best. Lord Headfort owns a lot of property in Meath, and is a good sportsman and landlord. His heir is little Lord Bective, who takes after his mother. Both the Marquis and Marchioness dislike London and love the country.

Photo *Lena Connell*

Miss Marcel Gluck

A violinist of great talent, who, at a recent concert at the Æolian Hall, scored a decisive success

THE MARCHIONESS THE MARQUIS

Photo *Lafayette*

One of the Numerous Shooting-Parties of the Season: The Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort and their Guests at a Pheasant and Duck Shooting-Party

Among the many pheasant shooting-parties recently given was that of the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort, who have been entertaining a large party to duck and pheasant shooting. The Marquis and his wife (who, of course, was Miss Rosie Boote) have since been in Town, shopping, dining, and theatre-going

New York Goes Higher and Higher (Architecturally)

THE NEW 657ft. HIGH METROPOLITAN TOWER

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The ground space on Manhattan Island, New York, is so restricted that new business premises must perforce go in for height instead of breadth. The city has for some time had half a dozen erections between 300ft. and 600ft. in height, and a seventh, the Metropolitan tower, with its forty-six storeys, reaching 657ft. into the sky, is now almost ready for occupation, at the corner of Madison Avenue and 24th Street. Not for long, however, is it likely to hold the supremacy as America's tallest building, for plans have already been drawn up and preparations made for the erection of the new home of the Equitable Life Assurance Co., which will be 909ft. high and have sixty-two storeys

The Little Man who Defies the World

But when they do give London a look in, they are besieged with invitations. Her most exclusive Grace the Duchess of Westminster invites the Rosie Boote of old to her dances.

* * *

Miltonics

Every now and then our remarkable nation awakes to find that it once possessed quite important literary people. Society finds it rather amusing to think that in the old days people who wrote, and that sort of thing, were somebody, just as though they had really been in a good set or had been brewers. Just now the professional persons are administering Miltonics to the public, and, as it were, celebrating the tercentenary of the poet who strictly meditated the somewhat thankless Muse. Among other things, Sir Frederick Bridge has been saying something about "Comus" and its music; Mr. Austin talking on Milton to the Dante Society; the British Museum has a Milton exhibition; *Punch* has celebrated the occasion in a satirical cartoon.

* * *

Well Meant!

What more could the author of "Paradise Regained" ask of posterity? It was in one of these spasmodic moments of British literary appreciation that a Royal Prince, then at one of the 'Varsities, voiced the national feeling on the subject by saying very seriously: "I think these tercentenary affairs about poets and people do a lot of good, and I only hope that I may be able to take part in the next celebration of the kind with which you honour the memory of this particular poet."

* * *

President Castro on Tour

There is little chance, I suppose, of this admired gentleman coming to London. That is a pity, for he could teach us an immense number of things, including the art of managing all the nations of Europe, and those States whose neighbour he is. In appearance he might be mistaken for a European personage of affairs, did not his Southern love of big jewels and gold chains proclaim itself in rather a surprising fashion. His little tour of Europe, whether for his health or less obvious reasons, is rather well-timed from some points of view. He has been just a tiny bit high-handed at home, and a revolution or so might clear the air and enable him to return to a loving people with fresh views and new hopes. Again, that little business of six months ago, when the President expelled the Dutch Minister, M. de Reus, has slowly gathered to a head. But Venezuela is fortunate in many ways. So far the *enfant gardé* of the Monroe doctrine, she has defied all attempts to place some curb upon her vigorous but ill-considered actions. At last, however, that wonderful American measure is to be slightly adapted to the situation, and it is understood that if the Dutch, who are in fighting form, won't come to stay in Venezuela, all will be well.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

President Castro (in the white hat) Arrives at the Palais d'Orsay Hotel, Paris

The visit to the Old World of the South American firebrand who has set Europe and America at defiance on countless occasions by his tortuous diplomacy has synchronised with the commencement of a long-overdue lesson on the part of the Dutch. He likes French journalists rather less than French wines

* * *

Cui Bono?

Thus it may be good for the General to be particular and remain in friendly States for a season. Meanwhile, there is great enthusiasm in Curaçao. The Dutch have towed a Venezuelan coastguard ship into their port of Willemstad, and the difficult hostilities have begun. With the South American Republics it is very worrying to know just which particular party you are fighting. During war-time revolution follows revolution as the night the day, and a series of queer juggles leaves the people it was proposed to hit unharmed.

* * *

A Delightful Hostess

Baroness de Forest (whose photograph I publish on the next page) is a charming personality, and brings to her social circle the adjuncts of aristocratic birth and much money. She dresses beautifully, and wears splendid furs. Baroness de Forest is the sister of Lord Gerard, who had the distinctive honour of receiving the King before he came of age. She married, not long ago, Baron de Forest, who, as an adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch, inherited a good deal of the millions of the debonair Austrian millionaire. The former Miss Gerard is his second wife, he having previously been married to the widow of Albert Ménier, the chocolate magnate. The de Forests have been lately entertaining a large house-party at their Austrian shooting-place, which included Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill when on their honeymoon. Baroness de Forest is a familiar figure at smart race-meetings, as both the Baron and Lord Gerard are keen sportsmen, Lord Gerard frequently riding his own horses. The Baroness is also very fond of dogs, and may be seen about Mayfair with some beautiful specimens.

The Baroness de Forest

Photo *Rita Martin*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF A HANDSOME AND POPULAR HOSTESS

One of the best-known and most charming hostesses of the day, the Baroness de Forest has, unfortunately, been unable to preside over her husband's recent shooting-party at Londesborough Park, Market-Weighton, owing to indisposition, which kept her at Spencer House, London, all the week. She is a sister of Lord Gerard, and it was with her and the Baron de Forest, an adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch, at their Austrian seat, that Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill spent the last part of their honeymoon

A Wagner Wedding

THE GREAT COMPOSER'S DAUGHTER TO BE MARRIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Fraulein Wagner (centre) and her Fiancé, Mr. H. S. Chamberlain

Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain is well known as a writer and authority on Wagner, and the wedding is to take place on Christmas day at Bayreuth

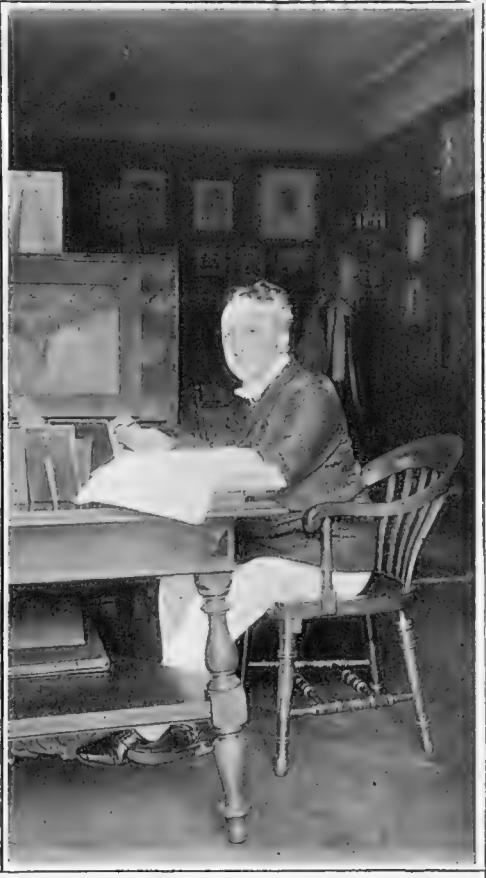
The Bayreuth Opera House

Where Wagner Festivals are held periodically. It was taken as the model of our own Shakespearean Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon

Photos

Madame Wagner in her Garden at Bayreuth

Madame Wagner, the daughter of Liszt, is still a very active force in Bayreuth, and continues to keep a tight hand on the composer's rights, especially in regard to performances of *Parsifal*, which she much disscourages in any other surroundings than those of Bayreuth



Chusseau-Flaviens

Siegfried Wagner

The composer's son, whose resemblance to his father will be noticed. He has, of course, composed several operas and a symphony, and is the conductor at Bayreuth

Random Jottings

We understand that the real cause of the threatened boot war is the expected rise in the price of brown paper. (Official.)

* * *

"What the Army needs essentially is officers," says Mr. Haldane. But the nation must not blind itself for a moment to the urgent importance of another detail—men. If not absolutely essential, when you have a War Minister of such braininess, they often come in handy in actual war-time.

* * *

Motor-cars have a fascination for writers of fiction, according to a literary critic. In swearing to rates of speed, fiction has sometimes a fascination for drivers of motor-cars.

* * *

A telegram from Vienna states that the public executioner and his assistants left for Prague as soon as martial law was proclaimed. That sort of news is popular—in Vienna.

* * *

Lady de Bathe is selling her entire stud without reserve and is going to write a novel. One or two people we know hope to sell a novel and buy a racing stud.

* * *

A suburban variety theatre arrests attention with an announcement of :

Alick Lauder, brother to Harry Lauder.

This ingenious idea should be followed up, thus :

TO-NIGHT !—MAUD ALLAN'S
near relative.
SALOME DANCE,
by wife of third cousin of
MAUD ALLAN !

* * *

THE EMPEROR OF OPERA !

The Management of the Little Dronely Hay-Loft Opera House announce the

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT OF
the man who once played in the band which accompanied
SIGNOR CARUSO,
THE GREATEST TENOR ON EARTH !
CARUSO !—CARUSO !—CARUSO !
COME IN YOUR THOUSANDS !

Foiled Again !

Disgust of Policeman X who, after tracking a shadowy figure over several roof-tops in the early hours of December 25, his thoughts running on promotion, at last discovers the identity of his would-be quarry

If this should catch the eye of the "militant" who recently, at the Albert Hall, pulled off two-thirds of the ear of the "passivist" in the brown cloth costume (with the new coatee trimmed with silver braid) will she, in all kindness, return the diamond drop ear-ring that came away with the ear to Miss Cleopatra Prout, Box 8877 ? (Advt.)

* * *

"This is not a House for 'gentlemen,'" exclaimed a Socialist deputy the other day in Berlin. In this country the complaint is that Parliament is not a House for ladies.

* * *

Professor Milne announces a serious subterranean disturbance in the Midlands, believed to be the result of a Suffragette meeting.

* * *

Turkey, followed by mince-pie, is recommended by a medical paper as a scientific diet. The dose may be followed by a cubic centimetre of plum-pudding, and, if no reaction results, the mucous membrane of the throat may be moistened with 1.5 gills of pure alcohol. The air of the drawing-room should be fumigated carefully by lighting Chinese lanterns on a Christmas tree, while the brisk explosion of crackers is a valuable disinfectant.

* * *

Many methods used in modern medicine are stated to have been common in the East 3,000 years ago. Indian and Chinese doctors, we presume, were accustomed to tell the patient that a delay of another day would have been fatal, that he had a splendid constitution and indomitable pluck, and, if a wealthy man, that his disease was usually of a protracted character. With female patients they are believed constantly to have guessed ten years too low in estimating the lady's age.

* * *

The high-minded teacher of Jena who provided all the angels in the illustrations of her pupils' religious instruction-books with bathing-dresses, carefully drawn in with ink, may be invited to contribute a few notes to THE BYSTANDER on "Modes for Cherubim."

* * *

The Emperor of China's first edict decrees that all Princes and Princesses shall be addressed as Dukes and Duchesses and all officials promoted one degree. Now, who drafted that edict for the Imperial infant, the Princes and Princesses or the officials ?

Glimpses of the Future

I.—THE LIBRARY OF THE REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS

(*The walls are liberally decorated with illuminated texts, such as "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." Sitting on the steps are twenty-seven millionaires, represented by District Messenger boys.*)

PEER'S CHORUS :

Our ancestors were duly versed in virtue and Latinity—
And we ourselves associate with Doctors of Divinity.
We're Dukes divorced, Divines in debt, and divers notabilities—
The robes we wear are tributes to our manifold agilities.
The snubs we give the middle-class are duly periodical—
The wildest Rad cannot deny our madness is methodical.
And thro' it all, you can't gainsay, our manners are immaculate—
And till the masses flatter us our praises we'll ejaculate.
You cannot always tell our breed by viewing our exterior—
The lower orders envy us, which proves we are superior.
We're highly incorruptible—a model to Democracy—
We are the Spartan fathers of the British Aristocracy !

1ST PEER : What's all this talk about abolishing the House of Commons ? Do you think we could constitutionally do it ? I'm afraid the Press gallery would be rather piqued.

2ND PEER : How much would it cost ? I've got to entertain the tenants on Tuesday.

1ST PEER : My wife is rather keen. We could use the room for high teas and lodge meetings and things.

3RD PEER : Why not have a Royal Commission about it ? Personally, although the Court told me I was not capable of managing my own affairs, I would rather be in that predicament than incapable of managing the affairs of my country. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria*—er—don't you know ?

4TH PEER : Has anyone seen the Bishop of Brixton about ? I've got an amendment down jointly with him, and I believe he's tacked it on to the wrong clause. The middle-classes are usually so careful.

5TH PEER : Who is it that clips all the interesting bits out of *Reynolds ?*

6TH PEER : These beastly new Liberal Peers, I suppose. Have you heard of the latest creation ? G.B.S. has been made Lord Comstock and S.L.H. Lord Stonecutter.

CLERK (*entering deferentially*) : My Lords, the Commons have just sent up a new Bill.

1ST PEER : Ah, there was something in the papers about it.

CLERK : It is a Bill, my Lords, for the closing of 30,000 theatres and for the more rigorous enforcement of ankle-skirts for chorus-girls.

1ST PEER : Bother it ! I shall have to have another meeting in my drawing-room. And those blessed Irish Peers never wipe their boots on the mat.

7TH PEER : I hope it won't interfere with my motion to-morrow. I have got to get off to Egypt on the following day. The nation must be warned against the increase in the number of Persian cats in this country. If the Shah were to declare war on England, my house would be instantly surrounded with the animals, and I should be too—er—busy to take command.

8TH PEER (*sententiously*) : If the nation does not rule the chorus-girl, the chorus-girl will rule the nation.

THE PEERAGE (*yawns non-contentiously*).

CLERK (*re-entering on his hands and knees*) : My Lords, the Commons have sent up a new Education Bill. The Established Church and the other tolerated sects are to have the right of entry into Sunday schools on all week-days, and into week-day schools on Sundays. This Bill is said to be of the nature of a compromise.

BISHOP OF BRIXTON : I knew that they would adopt my views in the end.

THE PEERAGE : Save us from our friends !

9TH PEER : From the point of view of the superior person it seems to me eminently desirable that we should give our Bill "for the Payment of Peers by the Tenants' Trade Union" a second reading before we consider anything else.

10TH PEER : So long as you do something, I don't mind. Thirty-seven of my editors have got articles on "Overworked Hereditary Legislators" in type, and the snapshot of the Lord Chancellor giving agreeable girls away is rapidly fading. It will hardly do for the "Daily Blither" even.

1ST PEER : Come on, then. We'll take the Persian cat business first, rescue the chorus-girls' legs afterwards, and return the Education Bill to the Commons with a clause added insisting on the recognition of the obvious by the super-subtle.

PEERAGE (*exeunt, singing*) :

We constantly remember that the Commons wants obedience,
But all our rulings, be assured, are guided by experience;
We keep our thoughts on things above and ev'rything extraneous ;
We're what we are because we fear a future subterraneous.

(*Dignified Curtain.*)

B. MACDONALD HASTINGS.

The Dirge of December

(*December is with us, with its accompanying ills and blessings—the latter more or less in disguise.*—Extract from the "Diary of a Misanthrope.")

In December Amaryllis,
Madge and Mabel, Flo and Phyllis
Purchase hats,
That a tricky little label
Designates as "Something" Sable—
Tho' it's Cats.
And the sportsman sends, as presents
To his friends, some hares and pheasants
"That he's shot."
Tho', directly they behold 'em,
They're as sure, as if he'd told 'em
—He did not.

In December Influenza
Comes with sniff and sneeze cadenza
—Likewise chills.
Come the duns, with writs and motions,
And the doctors with their potions
—And their pills.
But we bravely bear our crosses,
Count them gains, instead of losses;
For the Moon
We are shooting in December,
As we did, if we remember
Right, in June.

The Artist's Nightmare

THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE CAMERA

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

CONTINENTAL CHAT.

In Modern Sofia: The Boulevard Maria Louisa, and the only Mosque left in the Bulgarian Capital

BULGARIA, PRESENT AND FUTURE

(A Letter from Our Special Correspondent in Sofia)

King Ferdinand's Dream

The fact that King Ferdinand is a dreamer of dreams as well as an exceedingly practical and acute man of affairs makes him a far more interesting personage than he would be without this touch of the visionary. He is a King with imagination. Indeed, without this quality he would never have been King at all. Bulgaria would have remained the mere creation of the Berlin Treaty, and his present Majesty would have had to wear the fez whenever he went to see his Suzerain till the end of his days—an obligation which has impaired his dignity for so long. He does not forget Bulgaria's splendid past, when the old kingdom extended from the Danube through Macedonia to the Ægean. The restoration of such an empire is worth more than dreaming about. It must not be forgotten that the Bulgarians extend far beyond the boundaries of the two present States. In a great part of Macedonia Bulgarians form the large majority of the people; they are numerous in Bessarabia; and there are thirty thousand of them in the Banat. What reason is there to doubt that now King Ferdinand has thrown off the Turk and put on the crown of independence he will continue to work along the path of his dreams? That this path leads across Macedonia to the Ægean may be awkward for the Turks, but since the Bulgarians have had revived in their breasts the memory of their ancient glory, it is clear that the sea is the direction in which their ambitions lie for the future.

* * *

A Sofian View

King Ferdinand is not popular here, and his subjects know his affection for them is not very great. And yet they appreciate his intelligence highly, and regard him as indispensable in the realisation of their ambitions. Their aim and object being practically the same as his, this *mariage de raison* is not turning out badly. He rules, as far as he can, as an absolute Sovereign, but he knows just how far he can go with his people. Most of his *entourage* is French. His confidential secretaries are French, and his Court Chamberlain has been all his life closely connected with the House of Orleans.

* * *

The Dazzlement of a Crown

The King is very little in his capital at present. When he comes, he comes *incognito*, sees his Ministers, gives his instructions, and then returns to his summer residence on the shores of the Black Sea, where the Queen and the Prince and Princesses are staying, and where he will stay till his independence is fully recognised. Meanwhile, social life here is practically at a standstill. The Diplomatic Corps has to hold itself aloof. The Bulgarian opinion about the independence is much divided. To the masses the idea of a King is dazzlingly brilliant, and they are prepared to pay for it at any cost. To the mercantile class, who consider their pocket more carefully, the independence seems a useless expense, but they are resolved to make the best of it since it has been declared.

Photo *E. N. A.*

Going, Going—But Not Yet Gone!

(At any rate when we went to Press)

Marquis Pallavicini, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to Turkey, whose repeated "recalls" from Constantinople, with the awful consequences to Austro-Turkish peace which have been one of the nightmares of the political situation, have not, at the moment, materialised

* * *

A Popular Queen

King Ferdinand pleased his people most when he married a Princess who seems to have much sympathy for the Bulgarian people. Her work as "Sister Eleanor" is well known; her work as "Queen Eleanor" is only just begun, but has begun well. The capital of Bulgaria has never known the comfort of a trained

Belgium's King and His Heir at Ostend

nurse. When recently a member of the Diplomatic Corps broke his ankle in a riding accident, it was the Queen who came forward and offered her assistance.

* * *

Scratch a Bulgar——

It is hard to believe, when one sees the massive modern buildings, the wide, well-paved and well-lighted streets, the population of European-dressed men and women, and smart, handsome officers, that thirty years ago Sofia was a Turkish provincial town in the middle of a downtrodden district, and ruled by an Asiatic tyrant—that atrocities and counter-atrocities had reached a point at which even the public conscience of Europe rebelled! Thirty years have not sufficed to eradicate the primal brutality which is still innate in the Bulgarian. At the slightest provocation he resorts to the knife and the revolver, and party struggles are often conducted with almost the fierceness of the old racial feuds, when Greeks, Bulgarians, and Turks were pitted against one another.

The King of the Belgians Arrives at the Ostend Racecourse

King Leopold recently paid a visit to Ostend, where he was present at the steeplechasing and jumping competitions. On his left is Baron O. Van Loo, President of the Racecourse Committee, and on his right is Major Cumont, Aide-de-Camp to the King

* * *

The Rise of the Black Coat

It is only since 1878 that Bulgaria has been an autonomous State. Statesmen have had to grow up with it and acquire their experience while the population itself was learning the elements of civilisation. When I looked down from the gallery in the Sobranji, and saw the motley of costumes and of men, townsmen, peasants, Mohammedans, be-turbaned and be-fezzed, I could see that black coats predominated, a sartorial sign that the new civilisation had gained ground. Once upon a time there were very few black coats, and peasants came to Parliament dressed very much as they were dressed as they laboured in the fields. And these men, who are taking their part in the political life of Europe, have built up an army equal to the very finest in quality, and have modelled their civilisation on the best thing they could find in Central Europe, are the sons of men and women who can scarcely, if at all, read and write! One must give them credit for an energy and self-reliance which almost reminds me of the rise of the Japanese.

Photos *Hamilton*

Prince Albert of Belgium (left) Jumping the Obstacles in the Steeplechase at Ostend

Prince Albert, who is in the uniform of the 1st Regiment of the Guides, is the King's nephew, and the heir-presumptive to the throne

* * *

Ministerial Manners

Save for one mosque, which looks quite bizarre amidst the Western surroundings, there is nothing here to remind one of the East. As soon as Bulgaria gained comparative freedom, her first action was to tear down every house and monument that recalled the memory of Turkish oppression, and do away with Turkish customs, and Sofia tried to transform itself into a town of the West. Of the present Cabinet little can be said. Their manners might easily be criticised in a London drawing-room; they eat with their knives and brandish them in the air by way of gesture! To sum up. Although the Bulgarian does not take front rank among the Slavs, it is safe to predict a great future for him. It is Bulgaria who is destined to become the Power which counts for most in the Balkans.

* * *

King and Coming King

Once more the extraordinary vitality and strong will of the King of the Belgians have, together, restored him to the active service of his admiring nation. It used to be said that the King of the Belgians was so much worried by his health, politics, and the Congo and other critics that his abdication was at hand. However, that was not the idea of those who knew him best. Such are well aware that King Leopold is a remarkable example of the eighteenth-century monarch admirably adjusted to his twentieth-century environment. We have been rather overdone with the history of his domestic troubles. Of his three beautiful daughters no one escaped from his displeasure. His tall, pleasant, and handsome nephew, Prince Albert, is the heir-presumptive. He carries out his charming social duties with grace and good-nature; and avoids the sins of commission and omission by a strict detachment from the area of political and Court scandals.

King Ferdinand Courts the Camera:

DREAMING OF EMPIRE? King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is here seen looking over the Black Sea from Varna, and as it is known to be Bulgaria's ambition to become a sea power, dreams of future glory are no doubt passing through his mind. He has lately been making his first tour as King through his new kingdom, and sought the acquaintance of his subjects on every occasion, taking only a couple of days' holiday for shooting. He has taken the opportunity of having himself photographed in every one of his possible aspects—as ruler, soldier, sailor, sportsman, landlord, and, in the national garb, as patriot

Photos

His Majesty Shoots

Chusse-u-Flaviens

"My Trees Cut Down! This Must be Stopped"

His New and Busy Majesty in Many Attitudes

In National Garb

The King on Board His Navy!

Again Nationally Clad

Photos

As Soldier: The King as General

Chusseau-Flaviens

As Sailor: His Majesty as Admiral

While King Ferdinand may don his soldier's uniform with some pride—for in the event of war he could command 400,000 or 500,000 men—there is more than a touch of farce in the aspect of his Majesty as admiral, for the Bulgarian "navy" consists of one torpedo gun-boat and a few small steamers! But the ambitious monarch will no doubt soon be building Dreadnoughts, in view of his known aims in the direction of sea power

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

The Afternoon Theatre

"The Afternoon Theatre has been instituted to give further opportunities for the presentation of Modern Plays and for the occasional revival of Classical Plays.

"The performances will be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons.

"Mr. Tree, who from the first has taken a personal interest in the formation of the Afternoon Theatre, will give his co-operation in its work."

This simple, unpretentious notice, so different from the blare of trumpets with which so many new ventures are heralded in Theatreland, must have brought joy to the heart of many a playgoer. These three little paragraphs conveyed to the knowing the welcome intelligence that at last an opportunity would be given them of witnessing plays which are almost impossible of production under the long-run system in vogue at London theatres.

Catering for the Epicure

As if by magic, Messrs. Henry Dana and Frederick Whelen have removed the mountains of difficulties which have surrounded the El Dorado of Precious Plays.

To vary the metaphor, everyone has known that a fortune awaited the manager who could cater for the epicures of the drama. The playgoing public is satisfied with good plain fare at the theatres, but many Anglo-Celts, with more fastidious tastes, have sighed for the dainty dishes which have been put before Germans, French, Austrians, and Americans.

It has long been recognised that there are hundreds of delectable plays of which not one could possibly be put into an evening bill with any prospect of satisfying the autocrats of the box-office. How to make the artistic play pay? That, shortly expressed, was the problem. All sorts and conditions of men, from enthusiasts to cranks, have attempted a solution. Their efforts have met with varying success. Different "societies" have done good pioneer work, but it is doubtful whether, speaking generally, their books have shown a very heavy balance on the credit side. Much is hoped, too, from the National Theatre of the future.

The Initial Performance

Meanwhile, the Afternoon Theatre shows greater promise than many other schemes, if for no other reason, because it has its inception in His Majesty's Theatre, with Mr. Tree in the rôle of *genius loci*.

Mr. Tree has been so successful in blending those conflicting elements—the artistic and the commercial—that his personal interest in the formation of the Afternoon Theatre is a very big asset for the founders.

All these considerations give a peculiar interest to the production on a recent afternoon of two plays, *Emily* and *Hannele*. It is melancholy to record that the organisers stumbled slightly at the starting place. *Emily* is no play with which to inaugurate such an enterprise as the Afternoon Theatre. One of the remarkable features of recent years is the tremendous advance in the artistic standard of one-act plays. They have been, as they should be, little works of art. *Emily*—a poor attempt at depicting humble life in a Sussex village—takes us back to the bad old days when any trifle, however inept, was deemed by managers sufficiently good for a "curtain-raiser." But if *Emily* was a mistake, *Hannele* proved to be a triumph. This dream-poem of Gerhart Hauptmann has set theatrical Europe and America by the ears.

"A wretched piece of mechanical trickery. Revolting and horrible travesty of a resurrection. . . . Awful blasphemy."

Compare with these diatribes by Francisque Sarcey and Elbridge T. Gerry, the well-known President of the S.P.C.C., New York, the beautiful words of Jules Lemaître.

"Cette imagine mystique a réveillé du moins chez quelques spectateurs, la 'jeune communiante' que nous portons en nous."

A Beautiful Dream-Poem

So much for the poles of criticism. If the sense of the audience at His Majesty's Theatre had been taken by ballot I doubt whether there would have been many violent expressions of dissent. To many the dream-poem is a very beautiful exposition of the thoughts which fill the mind of a dying child who has been brought up in the atmosphere of religion.

The author points no moral, nor does he uphold any particular creed. He simply uses the mechanism of the stage (and it is here that the production at His Majesty's is distinguished by such reverence and beauty) for the purpose of giving us a study in child-psychology. Once the truth of the study be recognised (and to uphold that the imagination of the author has led him far astray would be difficult) then it becomes a question of the feeling which animates the producer and the players. It is not too much to say that in their delicate task Mr. Tree (the producer), Mr. Henry Ainley, and Miss Marie Löhr achieved a triumph. It is almost dreadful to imagine what might have been the effect of the tiniest *contretemps*.

A Vindication of Hauptmann

Their triumph, too, means more than a vindication of the moving tenderness of Hauptmann's work. *Hannele*, with its visions and its rapid changes from natural to supernatural, sets at nought every canon of dramatic construction. The young dramatist, in his attempt to keep within the narrow bounds of stage convention, may be likened to a person learning to walk the tight-rope with his hands tied behind him. After witnessing *Hannele* he will breathe more freely, recognising that much greater scope is given him for the expression of his ideas in dramatic form. It is one thing to write a popular play for production in the evening bill of the average London theatre. Much greater license may be taken with the "form" of a work intended for production at the Afternoon Theatre.

E. C. S.

PANTOMIME STARS, 1908-9

IN LONDON AND PROVINCES

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS DOROTHY WARD

Who is playing Jack in "Jack and Jill" at the Theatre Royal, Belfast

A Quartet of London Principals

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Alice Russon

The principal girl in the Lyceum pantomime, *Little Red Riding Hood*

Photo

Miss Carrie Moore

As Prince Rudolf in the Adelphi *Cinderella*

Photos

Miss Dorothy Craske

Again principal boy at the Lyceum this Christmas

Foulsham and Banfield

Miss Marie Wilson

Playing Alice Fitz-Warren in *Dick Whittington* at Drury Lane

Enchanters of Some Other Cities

Miss Isabelle Dillon

Playing Jack in *Jack and Jill* at the Theatre Royal, Bradford

Photo *Langfier, Glasgow*

Miss Lily Iris

Principal boy in *Humpty Dumpty* at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Miss Florence Ward

Who is appearing in *Dick Whittington* at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh

Miss May Beattie

Prince Spritely in the Manchester Theatre Royal pantomime, *Goody Two Shoes*

Miss Violet Halls

The Prince Charming of the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, pantomime, *Cinderella*

Photo *Rotary Photo*

Miss May Mars

Robinson Crusoe in the Alexandra Theatre, Sheffield, pantomime

Photos

Miss Hetty King

Boy Blue in the pantomime of that name at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham

Miss Gladys Ivery

Who plays Princess Gloria in *Boy Blue* at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham

Foulsham and Banfield

Miss Dorothy Chard

Principal boy in *Cinderella* at the New Theatre, Cardiff

Cinderellas—North and South

Photos] Miss Lucy Caine, at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth

Miss Iris Hoey, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow [*Dover Street Studios*

Two Jacks, a Dick, a Cinderella, and a Crusoe

Miss Veronica Brady
Playing principal girl in *Jack the Giant Killer* at the Opera House, Leeds

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Ethel Negretti
Principal girl in *Dick Whittington* at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham

Miss Moya Mannering
Makes a dainty Cinderella in the pantomime at the New Theatre, Cardiff

Photos

Miss Ada Reeve
She is playing Jack in *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool

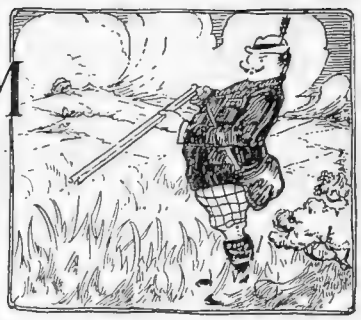
Foulsham and Banfield

Miss Winifred Hare
Robinson Crusoe in the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, pantomime

"BY THE SIDE OF THE ZUYDER ZEE": A PICTURESQUE STUDY OF THE QUAINT DUTCH TOWN OF VOLENDAM

Within easy reach of Amsterdam, via Edam, famous for its cheeses, is the little old Dutch town of Volendam, beloved of artists for its old-world atmosphere and the quaint old Dutch fashions affected by its inhabitants, all engaged in the fishing industry on the Zuyder Zee. Here at every turn one meets with the typical Dutchman of song and picture, the men with their balloon-like trousers, the women with their voluminous, ill-fitting gowns, and little girls with frocks which reach to their heels

By Field Stream & Covert



Hunting and the Land—A Menace

The photograph of Lord Scarborough on his way to a meet of Lord Fitzwilliam's (Grove) Hounds in this issue reminds one of the incalculable value to foxhunting of the continued support of the great families of the kingdom. So long as a Lord Fitzwilliam, a Lord Yarborough, a Duke of Beaufort, or a Sir Watkin Wynn are ready to take the helm in a hunting country, so long shall be preserved the ancient characteristics and the best traditions of the chase. It would be a fatal day for foxhunting were anything to jeopardise the interest of our great landed proprietors in the sport. "But nothing can jeopardise it," the reader will say. Well, one never knows. Landed families have suffered great blows during the past half-century, and when the time of agricultural depression reached its height many a nobleman who had been content to maintain a pack of hounds at his own expense was obliged to ask for a substantial subscription, or, in the alternative, to give up his hounds altogether. There is now some talk in political circles of an increased land-tax, to bring the Chancellor of the Exchequer something like twenty-five millions per annum. Country life would be the first to feel the effects of a new burden on landed people, and it is tolerably safe to say that if any such revolutionary change were to be made it would mean a desperate blow to the prosperity of sport with hounds.

Photo *Baker*

Presentation to the South Staffordshire M.F.H.

In recognition of his twenty-five years' Mastership, a portrait of himself was presented to Mr. F. Villiers Forster, the M.F.H. of the South Staffordshire Hounds

A Notable Sportsman

Lord Fitzwilliam is one of the most prominent figures in modern sport. In hunting his interests are immense, as not only does he own and hunt the famous Grove pack, which he purchased two years ago from Viscount Galway, but he keeps on the Wentworth Hounds in an adjoining country, this being the establishment which his grandfather, the late Earl Fitzwilliam, maintained for forty years. What is more, he possesses a pack of hounds in Ireland, which are lent to the Master of the Coollattin Hunt. In his enthusiasm for foxhunting, he reminds me rather

Photo] **A Meet of the Quorn at Hamilton Lodge, Melton Mowbray, the Seat of Mr. S. Cochrane** *[Bassano*

While the Quorn have enjoyed good sport this season, they have had nothing sensational to record up to the present, their best run in the open being that which marked the closing week of cubhunting

With One of Lord Fitzwilliam's Hunts

of another keen young nobleman, the Duke of Westminster, who has the enormous Cheshire establishment and also a smart pack on his estates in South Africa. It is gratifying to see the grand old school being gradually replaced by young men who are not less devoted to the ideals of sport than their forbears were. Everyone has heard of Lord Fitzwilliam's exploit of hunting hounds one day in Yorkshire and the next day in Ireland for several weeks together; equally familiar will be the details of his memorable and exciting trip to Cocos Island. I recall them just to show the strenuous and energetic character of the man. In such hands as these the destiny of foxhunting would seem to be safe enough. Lady Fitzwilliam is a daughter of the Marquis of Zetland, and, having followed her father's hounds since the time that she first sat astride her pony, it will be realised that there is little about the practical side of hunting and riding to hounds that she does not know.

Photo *Howard Barratt*

Lord Scarborough (on left) on his Way to a Meet of the Grove Hunt

The Grove Hounds are only one of the three packs owned by Earl Fitzwilliam, the others being the neighbouring Wentworth Hounds and an Irish pack lent to the Master of the Coollattin Hunt

The Season in the Shires

It is not easy at this early stage to make any comparison of the sport enjoyed with the various packs in the Shires this season. The Quorn Hounds, which figure among our illustrations, have done consistently well without bringing off anything in the way of sensational achievements. Indeed, up to the time of writing, I doubt whether they can be said to have beaten the fine run in the open which fell to them in the closing week of cub-hunting. The Cottesmore have been tolerably successful, but for remarkable gallops at top pace their neighbours, the Fernie, have fairly carried off the honours. In the second week of December their run from Sir Bache Cunard's famous covert, Neville Holt, took them into the heart of the Cottesmore country, and was a performance to be remembered. Pytchley Hounds have also done extremely well, and the reputations of the crack huntsmen of the Shires, Arthur Thatcher and Frank Freeman, undoubtedly stand as high as ever they did, which is something to say in view of the fact that scenting conditions have been none too good this year. In the South-Western counties the Tedworth have been earning great distinction, and one is very glad to see this, because the country had sunk to a low ebb before Captain W. Faber, M.P., came forward to shake things up. He bids fair to do more for the Tedworth country than any M.F.H. since the days of the great Assheton-Smith.

The Master of the South Staffordshire

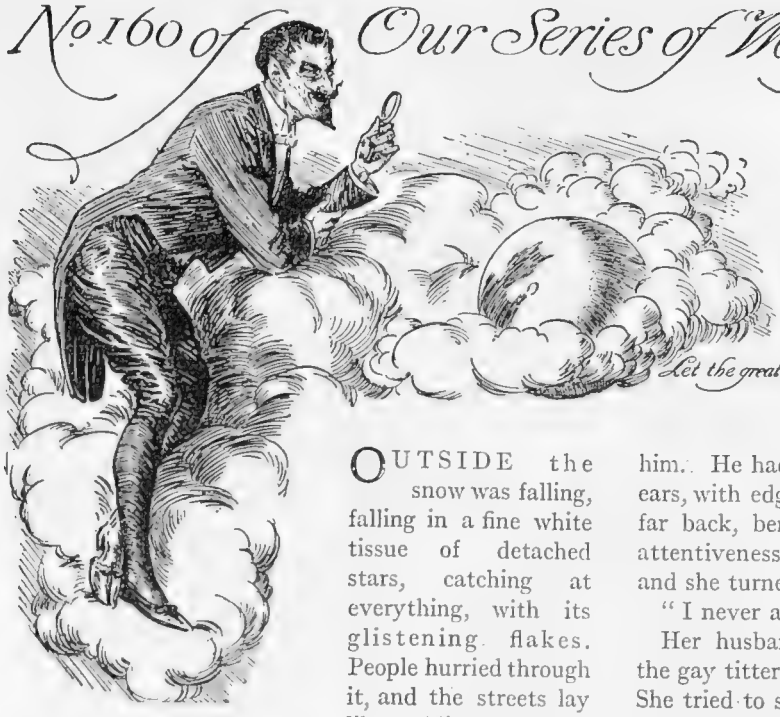
We are able this week to reproduce a photograph of the painting which was recently presented to Mr. F. Villiers Forster, the Master of the South Staffordshire Hounds. The gift was made in recognition of his twenty-fifth season in the Mastership, and the members of the Hunt are hoping that he will continue in office for many years, as he possesses the happy qualification of making himself highly popular with hunting people and farmers alike. The Forsters of Rugeley have done a great deal for the cause of foxhunting in Staffordshire. Within the next few weeks we shall probably be hearing of impending hunting changes in various countries. Already the leadership of the Blackmore Vale Hunt is on offer to any suitable sportsman who cares to take the hounds, while the committee of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds will doubtless be looking for a successor to Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, as that young sportsman's decision to retire is understood to be quite definite. There are many big difficulties attaching to the command of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, not the least being that of keeping the deer down to smaller numbers.

A Seasonable Appeal to Shooting-Men

At Christmas, of all times of the year, shooting-men should not overlook the claims of the Keepers' Benefit Society. This institution was founded twenty years ago for the purpose of securing to gamekeepers some of the advantages offered to Hunt servants by the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, but is, unfortunately, in a very different position from that enjoyed by the sister society. The Duke of Northumberland and other prominent sportsmen point out that the want of support from those who carry a gun has seriously crippled its work, and altogether prevents, not only an extension of the benefits the society offers, but any addition at present to the number of benefit members. The committee urge that it is surely not unreasonable to hope that gentlemen who shoot are not less anxious to help those who contribute to their sport than those who hunt. If everyone who takes out a game licence in the course of the year would subscribe a pound or two to the Keepers' Benefit Society the difficulties of the committee would be solved, and adequate provision would be afforded for the old age of a very deserving class.

A. W. C.

No. 160 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



FILMS

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

OUTSIDE the snow was falling, falling in a fine white tissue of detached stars, catching at everything, with its glistening flakes. People hurried through it, and the streets lay like wedding streamers, pale beneath countless millions of its soft confetti.

Inside the Empire, the ballet blazed a veritable challenge. The audience lay spread out, like a variegated box of bon-bons. There were women in mauve that might have been candied violets, rubicund women in cerise and ruby gowns, simulating preserved cherries, dark-coated men like chocolates, and, lastly, at the end of the stalls, a long, lank woman in yellow, who might have been the tongs for the whole lot.

High above hung the boxes, like cages of varicoloured birds, birds who leaned over their gilded wires, twittering their way in and out between the music; birds who turned slim necks and shook out beautiful plumage, rustling to and fro and up and down in an endless scented and be-jewelled commotion.

From one of the golden cages a woman leaned out, gazing down at the mosaic of colour below. Her arms rested, slim and white, on the edge of shabby velvet, and the yellow of her gown clouded away behind into the dimness of the box. A wide bridge of diamonds spanned her hair, and the soft glow of pearls clung to her throat.

"Ballets bore me," she said at last, in a cold, still voice, that sounded almost Arctic in the heated colour of the place.

"Personally, I like them. They never tax my mental capacity."

Her husband's voice came from the shadows of the box like a train coming out of a tunnel. The red gleam of his cigar in the darkness might almost have been the head-light. It blurred up to her, stopped, and went no further. She seemed to draw back from it, as though she were a timid old maid in the commotion of a railway station.

"I should recommend them in that case as a continual diet." She sneered rather than said the words. Somehow a sneer never becomes a pretty woman; it's a thousand times worse than an ill-fitting frock or an over-trimmed hat. Her husband shambled out into the light, drawing his chair aggressively behind him. He had a crouching forehead and slight peaked ears, with edges like a badly hemmed sheet, which lay far back, bent for eternity into a position of eager attentiveness. She shuddered as she looked at him, and she turned hurriedly toward the stage.

"I never argue with you in public."

Her husband's shabby voice detached itself from the gay titter and music and came hurrying up to her. She tried to shake it off, as though it were something loathsome. It still clung to her, forcing her speech.

"Well!" She threw the single word to him as if it were a bone to a dog.

"Ever since our difference in Egypt about Mr. ——."

She flashed round at him with a glare of yellow gown and the hot fire of her diamonds.

"Don't dare say anything," she said tensely, tangling her fingers into a white, intricate knot as she spoke. "Egypt's done with—let it alone."

He waited smilingly till she had finished, then slowly flicked the ash from his cigar.

"Yes; quite done with, my dear. I grant you that, but only because I found——"

Again she cut into his words with a sudden movement of her slim body.

"Yes," she drawled slowly, turning her face towards him. "Yes—quite so—you found—what?"

"Letters, photographs, the half of a coin cut in two, and also I found——"

"What?" she demanded.

"Found you out."

A little storm of unmusical laughter passed over her.

"Found me out in a matter of sentiment—the result of a yellow moon over the Nile and the stars above the pyramids."

"Your matters of sentiment should belong solely to your husband," he said, unctuously, pushing back at the retreating whiteness of his cuffs.

She looked him full in the face for a moment. He reddened, and moved uneasily under her scrutiny, then she smiled, cold, brilliant, and contemptuous.

"I think that's beyond even the power of the Egyptian moon," she murmured, in a voice crowded with "Society" colour.

The sound of the music stepped hastily into the place left vacant by their silence. The violins were gossiping in many scandalised whispers, faltering now and then, when the flute clamoured for attention, like a neglected child. In the promenades the tide of humanity blocked, rebelled, and finally eddied out again into scented fragments which smiled feverishly, and black-coated fragments which smiled idly back in

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return. There was a bitter civil war of perfume and sound and colour. Smoke fought madly with currents of brandy, patchouli, and musk. The endless rustle of silk petticoats strove to stem the avalanche of laughing words and clinking glasses. Soda-water bottles kept up a heavy fire, and the music skirmished around the edge, snarling for recognition. Colour raged with all the vividness of banners, white shuddered into obscurity before the pushing boldness of scarlet and green, blue, endowed with a haughty respectability, looked on askance, while black preached morality to the rebel crowd.

Gradually the ballet grew overpowered with itself, and faded away behind the down-falling lines of the curtain. A gentle little flutter of applause followed it, and the audience broke into attitudes of ease and criticism.

The woman in the yellow gown studied the changing poses with careless contempt. Slowly the biograph sheet sank, white and glaring, across the stage. It seemed one with the soft falling snow of the winter night. It obscured everything with its personality. It looked out across the footlights with a pale, shocked face at the colour and glitter lying beyond. The house gradually darkened, and the woman's husband moved heavily out of the box, clashing the door behind him. Pictures suddenly quivered into being on the blank whiteness of the sheet, the gentle whirr of their being striving to assert itself above the music and noise. Witchery moved along the white background. Pyramids reared their massive bodies upwards, and a sphinx smiled enigmatically out across the stalls. The woman in the box leaned abruptly forward in one of those half-stifled attitudes that only occur once in a lifetime. Before her, on the sheet, she saw herself, saw herself posed at the foot of the King's Pyramid, posed as she had posed four long years ago, smiling as she had learned to smile then and had forgotten ever since. The man with her stood, tall and slim, before her eyes, striking her memory to sparks of horrible thought and reminiscence. She remembered her own gown and the close lines of his Norfolk jacket. On the white sheet his face was turned down to hers, just as though it were that happy yesterday. They had only been children playing with fire then. Later—her train of reasoning broke with a snap. There she was, crucified on the whiteness of the sheet. High and lifted up for all to see! She shuddered back into the shadows of the box. Thousands of insignificant lies she had told her husband at the time rushed upon her like a band of insurgents. She turned and stared at his empty chair. Somewhere in the crowded tangle of humanity he was watching it all; watching her on the sheet as she climbed the wild, jagged blocks of the pyramids; watching her as she leaned a slight hand on the other man's wide shoulder; watching the representation of her face, smiling as she had never smiled at him. She gave one wild little laugh. A woman in the next box curved round the gold pillars and looked at her anxiously. The orchestra was sobbing in plaintive, tear-like notes:

"Egypt, if you don't want me,
Why will you haunt me
The way you do?"

Her mood softened; nothing mattered for the space of three minutes. She closed her eyes, and leaned back wearily against the wall. What could anything matter? They were only pictures, quivering, lifeless things of film, that could not rise up and accuse her with shrill, strident voices. Only films. Her mind rested at the word as though it had been an inn. All life was a film, a wild, whirling round of incident, flung picture-like on the great face of time. There were films of life and death. Life films that opened out and rolled away to love and sorrow, death films brought to an end and sealed for eternity.

"Egypt, if you don't want me,
Why will you haunt me
The way you do?"

Her heart woke under the sound of the music. She wanted Egypt back again. She longed to be held once more in the great golden arms of the desert, where the camels went by like shadows towards the down-sinking glory of the sunset and the moon parted the river trees with silver hands and looked out into the night. She longed for the man who had made all this in Egypt, who seemed to keep the stars clenched in his hand, flinging them about at her pleasure, and draw the moon from his pocket, pinning it up just wherever she pleased. With a sudden shock of sound, her husband burst through the door of the box. The comparison of the real and the unreal rained down upon her like blows.

"Did you see?" he gasped, staring wildly at her.

She watched his hot face and the maddening lift of his eyebrows, then tugged slowly at the pearls about her throat.

"I thought the pictures extremely good." She threw each word towards him like a little stone. He laughed discordantly.

"You thought them like yourself, no doubt; like your slim young friend; like——." His voice broke into shattered fragments of hideous anger. "Damn him! damn you! It's all as plain as a book now—your trip across country with Mrs. Levering, your lies, your deceits, everything you did four years ago."

She smoothed out her dress, and turned the rings slowly round on her fingers. Something was at the root of her existence trying to frighten her—trying to force dramatic speeches from her. She beat it back into submission. When she spoke her voice sounded miles and miles away.

"You are at liberty to divorce me." She found the last two words difficult to say, and her speech faltered reluctantly. He pushed forward his cunning face a little closer. To her it seemed like a cabinet full of horrible things—red-lidded eyes, twisted, jeering lips, and swift, creeping wrinkles.

"Divorce you, my dear?" he snarled, mouthing the words over and over before letting them go. "Never that—you see, it would simplify matters from your point of view. It would give you the opportunity of spending the rest of your existence shambling about the pyramids. My only course of action will be in regard to Liane. I don't think that the society of her mother is exactly good for her at her early age—I had ideas of schools abroad, or a convent in Brittany."

Each word of his was a stab aimed at the very soul of her existence. For the moment she was almost glad of the sickening pain. It woke her to thought and action. She looked over her shoulder towards the stage. The pictures had long since changed. Her

(*Continued on page 598*)

The Legend that Dies Hard

Photo *Underwood*

"TELL SANTA CLAUS WE'RE WAITING FOR HIM!"

(*Continued from page 596*)

silence lashed her husband into fresh fury. He had hoped, he had almost prayed, for tears and wild protestations. Her cold aloofness left him powerless. He stood up hurriedly, knocking his chair sideways against the wall.

"You don't care," he sneered; "children and mother-love are not in your line. Your speciality is lies and pyramids." He flung his way out of the box.

Her hands kept gently passing one over the other as though looking for wounds. So he was going to take Liane from her, sending Liane away—going to blot out in one swift movement the only thing that made life possible. It was a clever trick. Much cleverer than he usually was. She smiled her appreciation. The lights and music sickened her. A woman in purple silk and spangles was fretting about the stage—the audience chattered like a crowd of gay parrakeets. Slowly she leaned across the box and touched the bell. The door flung open automatically, and the light from behind was blocked out with the attendant's figure.

"I must see the operator of the biograph here—at once," she said slowly, looking vacantly about her.

"I'm sorry, madam, but——"

She interrupted him with the quick, sharp sound of her voice. "It's imperative!" He backed out of the door, and it closed with a snap like the mouth of an animal. She hardly knew what she was going to do. She had some vague idea of paying to have the pictures withdrawn—of buying up the long coils of films and strangling herself with them. The door opened, and she turned swiftly in her chair. A man came in, closing it behind him. He was tall and slim, and yet the width of his shoulders seemed to fill the box, and crush her out over the edge.

"Oh! God, how funny," she whispered, pressing the rings into her twisting fingers. "To find you here cramming hell into my life like clothes into a trunk. To find you sliding my utter ruin through your fingers in long, slim ribbons of film. To see you standing there in front of me."

He sat down behind her in the shadows, staring at her stupidly. His hands moved to and fro like things half aroused from sleep.

"Did you hear them playing 'Egypt'?" she asked hurriedly. "Don't you hear them playing it every night when you are passing the pictures of our love through those long hands of yours? Doesn't it call you back to the sound and the stars?"

"Of course, you must know I had no idea it was you who sent for me," he said slowly; "you must also realise there is something to explain——"

"Yes, to explain," she echoed feverishly; "and do you know that my husband may come in through the door at any second?"

He appeared not to have heard her. "I always had a love for mechanics, even when you knew me four years ago." His voice broke slightly. "I have a special process for the biograph, but it necessitates my running the machine myself."

She moved restlessly under the slow length of his explanation. It seemed all so lifeless compared with what she had to say. The talk of mechanics maddened her.

"Do you know what it all means to me?" The words burst from her lips in a torrent of incoherent sound. He pressed his hands together in mute helplessness. "But what are you doing with those pictures?" she demanded; "the pictures of you and I and of our love days four years ago? How could you allow them to be produced? Why haven't they burnt your fingers when handling them? Why haven't they blinded your eyes in watching them?" Her voice finished on a shrill note of anguish. It seemed to fight with the music in mid-air. He laid a strong hand on the white stretch of her arm.

"Hush," he said, authoritatively.

She laughed bitterly. "That's such an easy word for a man to say. He uses it to his children, his servants, his barking dogs, and the woman whose heart he breaks." Her voice underwent a subtle change. It disappeared for a second into some mental dressing-room and emerged softly, compelling, and seductive. "But you'll give me the films, dear?" She leaned very close to him, and her last word came in a whisper. He bent down towards her, then wavered, hesitated, and drew back into a hard, straight attitude.

"It can't be done," he said.

"No," she said, vacantly, staring into his face as though she did not understand.

"You used to say," she went on, dreamily, "you'd give me the sun to wear in my hair and the stars for buckles on my shoes; and you used to kiss me and swear that every drop of your blood was a warrior willing to fight for me."

"Four years ago," he said, with a wave of crimson surging over his face. "Now things are different."

She faced him, pale to the lips. "I would to God," she gasped, "that every woman could have the past, with its memories, cut from her mind with a knife—there are some things I cannot forget, try as I may. Everything you ever said to me four years ago I have treasured here." She beat madly against the breast of her yellow gown. Her voice sank to nothing.

"I will give you anything for those films. Anything that lies in my body or soul."

"It can't be done," he said desperately, "because—because—I cannot lose my position here."

"I quite understand," she mused, watching him through half-closed eyes. "You are engaged to some girl with blue eyes and a cloud of soft hair. You are saving and toiling and hoarding to be able to marry her. You've told her all the things you told me four years ago. You've sat under apple trees, instead of pyramids. You've hungered for her as you did for me."

He marvelled at her insight and perception. A tinge of the old admiration for her drifted up to him.

"Yes," he said, very, very slowly.

"I think you had better go," she said, standing up. "I don't think I shall ever see you again—I think I'll go home now. I think——" The one word wandered in and out of her speech. He backed awkwardly towards the door. "I am sorry," he said clumsily.

"There's no need to apologise," she laughed harshly, jerking her hands into the long softness of her gloves.

When she next looked up he was gone.

. . . . . .

She lay back in the carriage, her face pressed against the tan of the cushions. Outside was a white world that gazed in at her like a great white eye. How soft it was outside! How gently the people went by.

Just like films. Her mind poised over the word. She said it over once or twice. Surely she had come to the end of her roll of them. They must be all complete now. This final burst of tragic incident had brought them to a fitting climax. God couldn't expect her to go stumbling on when her artistic value was at an end. The carriage came to a standstill, and stood like some giant frosted toy at the house steps. The blaze of light in the hall stunned her for a moment, and she swayed slightly as she climbed the curving stairs to her own room. She sat down in front of the long mirror and stared at herself. She began talking hurriedly to her own reflection.

"You are too tidy and well-dressed to suffer properly; though your heart is breaking you have an irate sense of pleasure in looking at yourself. Your gown is a triumph. Not a curl of your hair is out of place. There's a delight in catching the shimmer of your pearls. You are not going even to see your child because you know she is asleep, and——" Her voice fell away suddenly like a faded flower. The silence frightened her, and she went on again, leaning closer to the mirror and shoving the glitter of toilet articles away with impatient hands. "You're not sorry for anything you've done, and you're only sorry at all because you've been found out. Perhaps——"

Her husband's reflection as he stood in the doorway blackened the mirror like a thunder-cloud. She sprang up hurriedly.

"I can't discuss anything to-night," she said quickly. "I can't stand hearing your views and sentiments now."

He swaggered into the room with a new insolence she did not know and closed the door.

"I shall talk exactly when and how I please, madam."

He lolled down into the pink arms of a chair with an air of easy defiance.

"I think I understand people committing murder now," she said slowly; "I think I could kill you as you sit there. To me you represent something that ought to be got rid of."

"No doubt, no doubt," he sneered, swinging his feet in little jerky movements. "Got rid of long ago, and left you to pursue your own sweet pleasure among the pyramids."

"Leave the room," she gasped, springing towards him like an animal. "In a second I'll do something with my hands—something to you."

He made two attempts to speak, but somehow the words failed him. She hid her face in the soft breast of a cushion, and when she looked up his chair was empty. She locked the door with a crash.

. . . . .

The next evening's papers had two items—very dissimilar, widely apart, and which attracted quite different degrees of public interest. The one bore the familiar heading, "Society Woman's Suicide," the other was a trivial footnote to the effect that the films of some Egyptian living pictures at the Empire had been accidentally destroyed by fire.

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

UNAPPRECIATED

IRATE CITIZEN: "Another hour of 'The Mistletoe Bough' and you are dead men!"

BY PEDDIE

From Greenland's Icy Mountains:

Photo *Topical Agency*

A SUMMER DAY IN THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW

The delights of a Greenland summer may be guessed from this photograph of a coast scene at a seal-hunting station. Denmark's Arctic colony is here seen at its most charming season. The melting snows have left the mountains in all their beauty of bare rock, the temperature is at its balmiest degree below zero, and there are only about eighteen icebergs floating lazily in the summer waters of the harbour! At this hospitable time of year Esquimo lovers may do their courting without the slightest fear of being frozen to death

Scenes in Denmark's Arctic Colony

Photo *Topical Agency*

AN ESQUIMO SEALING PARTY IN THEIR KAYAKS

Sealing is, of course, the chief occupation of the Esquimaux who thinly people Denmark's colony of Greenland. The trade is a Government monopoly. In the management of the frail kayak, the narrow, crank little vessel which Nansen (who was the first to cross Greenland) compared with a knife-edge, and to balance which, he says, it is almost necessary to "part your hair exactly in the middle," the Esquimaux are extraordinarily skilful. They will harpoon seals from their little craft with the most unerring aim, and can manage it in a marvellous manner in a storm

A Woman's Note Book

Co-operative Housekeeping

A writer in *The Daily News* has been advocating co-operative housekeeping for professional women. Incomes of £100 or under cannot produce comfort if a girl elects to live alone, but by the system of co-operation five or six young women may attain almost to luxury, and from a business point of view all is complete. So be it. The only drawback is that no business point of view ever held within its hard-and-fast system one complete woman. Co-operative housekeeping falls far below an ideal; it is a compromise between unbearable conditions and highly desirable but unattainable ones; to live alone with more independence but fewer conveniences is also a compromise, and it remains for each nature to decide for itself which is the better one.

The Woman Idealist

I do my sisters the justice, or perhaps it is the compliment, of supposing that they are not unduly influenced by mere comfort, which by itself is not a bit comfortable or soul-satisfying. Especially, I think, is this view true of the educated working woman, who sees somewhat deeper into things than another upon whom fate has not laid such a burden—or is it a privilege? The working woman is apt to develop very distinct idiosyncrasies, for though contact with the harder side of the world rubs off many of childhood's prejudices, it is also apt to develop ideas and even a habit of mind scarcely compatible with some of the smoother shallows of existence. I do not imagine that the professional woman is by any means the easiest creature to live with. Besides, such women are not infrequently idealists. Now *that* race must have its own way, must travel by its own road, and it is worse than useless, it is positively dangerous, to interfere with it. A woman idealist is a thing apart, no matter how many there may be of her. She can only unburden herself to a few even among her own persuasion, and she is often, unfortunately, apt to be "snappy" or irritable, in spite of larger views, than her more even-tempered fellow-creatures. At any rate, she is not a person with whom to share a house promiscuously because of economy, or who would dream of hoarding more money by such an expensive mental process. She would rather sit on a box in a garret, with her books around her, in sweet solitude than be forced to accept the companionship of several good but ordinary people.

The Longing for Freedom

Of course, this is an extreme case; but as a rule, I think it will be found that women will not take kindly and peaceably to living together for mere convenience. Woman is pre-eminent in her home, but once she leaves it, she intends to have freedom, *real* freedom, and not semi-bondage. I do not mean that some women cannot live together, but there must first be friendship. It is idle to cater for women's lives on a business basis. It is only the aimless, discontented, unsatisfactory, hobbyless woman who craves for the constant society of somebody rather than nobody.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Photo *Selle and Kuntze*

Each Happy as a King—Which One of Them, at Least, Will be Some Day

The two children of the German Crown Prince, Prince Wilhelm (right) and Prince Ludwig, who, like thousands of mere plebeian and quite unroyal children, amuse themselves with Dean's Rag Books

"The Kantsuffrit"

[*Intended by the artist to be No. 2 of the Series entitled "Monsters One Meets"—though we have not the heart nor the bad manners so to describe such a charming young person as he has gone and drawn.*—EDITOR.]

BY PEDDIE

GOLF. By ERNEST LEHMANN

A Retrospect for 1908.—I.

The first question that one must ask when reviewing the golf of the year is: Has the game progressed and has the standard of play advanced? An unhesitating answer in the affirmative can be given so far as the year 1908 is concerned. The game is fuller of life than ever before. It is bulking more largely in the public eye than it used to do. Where in former days but scanty notice was taken in the Press, apart from golfing papers pure and simple, of the events of the golfing year, nowadays there are but few of the great dailies that do not employ some expert writer to fill a column once a week with gossip and comments on the game. Crowds are so great at the big events that it becomes increasingly difficult to control them. "Those who come to golf remain to play" is a perversion of Goldsmith's famous line which aptly describes what happens to those who, not having ever played, come to see the game. The odds are heavy that they will be tempted to try their prentice hand, and that they will soon swell the roll of that countless army that toils over ridge and hollow in pursuit of the fascinating little white ball. In sober language, golf is still on the crest of the wave of popularity, and there seems no diminution to the volume of that wave nor any sign that it has yet attained its full measure or is about to break and spend itself.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Enthusiastic though Hors de Combat

Two "crocked" members of the Australian party, Flannigan and Burge, watching the Wales *v.* Australia match at Cardiff. A well-placed penalty kick enabled Wales to beat Australia, though there was practically nothing to choose between the two sides

The Chief Events

The year is important, if for nothing else, for the revision of the rules, which has been carried to completion, and which, with the New Year, will give us a better, more logical, and clearer code than any that we have yet had. But the revision of the rules is not the only fact which marks this year. The play, too, has been superb, and at Prestwick, in the Open Championship, may be said to have reached its highest watermark. The great James Braid emerged from his temporary eclipse and shone with a brilliant and steady lustre. Four rounds of Prestwick in 291 strokes set up a record for a Championship score which is not likely to be surpassed, or even equalled, in the near future. Many others at the same time recorded wonderful single scores, Ernest Gray's 68 being the most extraordinary. Then, too, a new luminary in the person of Robson first burst on an astonished world, later on definitely taking his place as a fixed star of the system by his play in the *News of the World* Tournament and by his defeat of Duncan at Conway. Among the older lights, Ben Sayers, sen., shone with renewed brilliance. All this year the "wee mannie," as his friends affectionately call him, has been enjoying a sort of Indian summer of golf. No year has brought greater "kudos" to a player of his age than has 1908 to Ben Sayers. And what of Braid's great rivals? Taylor made up for his failure in the Championship by capturing the French event and the lucrative *News of the World* prize. There is no diminution in his powers in any respect, and if he can but render himself more impervious to the passing slings and arrows of outrageous fortune which come the way of every player, and which it is his business to overcome or disregard, then Taylor will be once more master of his fate and a winner of further Championships.

(To be continued).

FOOTBALL

The Oxford v. Cambridge Match

"Well, if I may say so, I think you were very well out of it," was the reply of an old Cambridge International to an Oxford man who asked him, on the conclusion of the 'Varsity match, what he thought of the game. And hardly a more admirable way of summing up the match could be found. It was a good game, though not a great game, and the supporters of both teams were disappointed with the result. Those who hoped Oxford would win were never flattered, for they pinned their faith on that wonderful three-quarter line, and the wonderful three-quarter line on no single occasion after the time when they actually scored, and

Sporting German Royalty

Photo *Ulenhuth*

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS AFTER A DAY'S SHOOTING AT DOEBERITZ

Not Living Chess—U.S. Football!

only once or twice before it, ever looked like scoring. The try Martin obtained was a very pretty and a very good bit of work, but for the most part the Oxford three-quarter line was, as an attacking force, almost a negligible quantity, owing, no doubt, largely to Vassall's breakdown. But, if they could not attack, they proved to be very determined in defence, wherein Tarr and Martin especially distinguished themselves. And this is where the Cambridge supporters have reason to feel disappointed. On at least three occasions in the second half it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could prevent the Cambridge three-quarters (whose passing was, during this part of the game, very brilliant) getting in. But the miracle always happened.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Inter-'Varsity Match in America: The Start of the Annual Game between Yale and Harvard

The free-fight qualities of the average American football match are well-known in this country, but the aspect of the ground, which resembles a gigantic chess-board, will probably be new to most. The teams are always coached by professionals, and the signal for new and intricate modes of attack, or "plays," during the course of a game are given by means of code words

The defence of both teams, in short, was much better than the attack; and it was lucky for Oxford that her back division proved themselves as capable in defence as throughout the season they had been, when meeting inferior opponents, brilliant in attack.

Cambridge's Fine Pack

The Cambridge forwards, after the first quarter of an hour, were much superior; they were always on the ball, and much quicker into, and cleverer in, the scrum than Oxford. But it was expected beforehand that that would be the case; what was not expected was that the Cambridge halves, even behind winning forwards, would show up to so much better effect than Cunningham and Williamson. But they did, and made such good openings for Macleod and his colleagues that Oxford, though far from being satisfied, probably even think themselves lucky to have drawn the match. They have shown themselves a side capable of making absolute mincemeat of inferior opponents, as their season's score-sheet indicates; but on the two occasions when they have met a really strong side, in the matches against the Australians and Cambridge, they have failed to come off, and "Vassall's team" of five-and-twenty years ago may rest assured that their renown, thought by many to be in danger from this year's side, has not only not been eclipsed, but has had no shadow cast upon its lustre.

'Varsity Football in America

The accompanying illustration shows that *the* Varsity match of the season in America is just as popular as our own Oxford *v.* Cambridge. Football, as played in America, is remarkable chiefly for its extreme roughness and for the complicated nature of its rules. Professional coaches are employed, and a great deal of time is expended in devising new methods of attack, or "plays" as they are termed, and labelling them with code words, which are kept a dead secret, so that when the captain shouts out a particular word his men alone know that it is a signal for one of these "plays" to be attempted. The illustration further shows that whereas in English Rugby there are only the half-way line and the two "twenty-fives" within the field of play, in America the whole area is marked out in sections, each of which is numbered.

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Aubrey Beardsley." By Robert Ross. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
"The Wife of Lafayette." By M. MacDermot Crawford. (Eveleigh Nash: 15s.)
"Branded." By Gerald Biss. (Greening: 6s.)

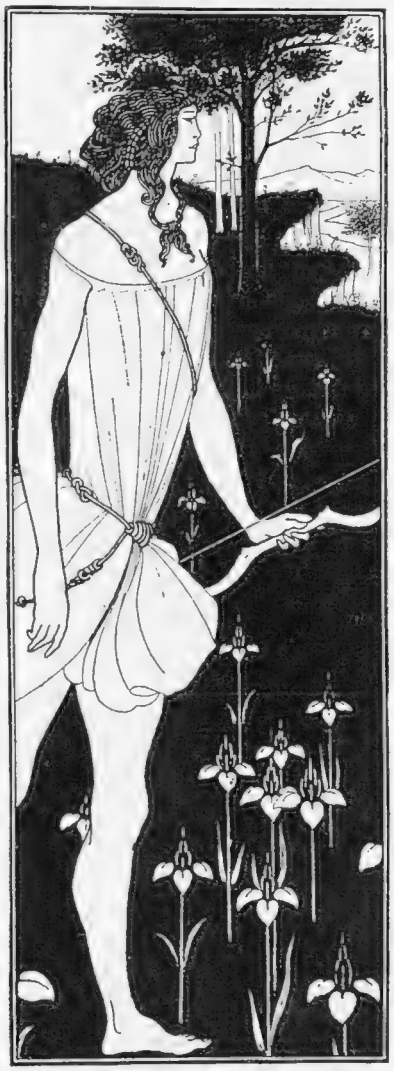
The Whitewashing of the Recent Past

Slowly but surely proceeds the process of whitewashing the recent past of British Art. The dinner given the other day to Mr. Robert Ross in appreciation of his work in classifying and editing the writings of Oscar Wilde is significant of the desire of the critics to pay tribute to the art of the victim of moral censure. The tendency is, if anything, to award extravagant praise, and to-day the men who were the loudest in their condemnation of the man are the loudest in their—often quite ignorant—praise of his work. It is to be hoped that this tendency will be duly checked. After all, delightful wit and elegant stylist as he was, Wilde leaves us little but the memory of the manner of a period. What substance there is in his writings is but the reflex of a good deal that was already with us. His poetry was derived; his paradoxes were not new; many of his *mots* were plagiarisms. Let us all admit that Oscar Wilde was an elegant *littérateur* in an elegant period, but let us not be led by pity for his fate to exaggerate his value.

* * *

A Book on Aubrey Beardsley

Mr. Robert Ross seems, by the way, to be busy in the whitewashing of others than Wilde. For instance, Mr. Lane just issues a book by him on Aubrey Beardsley, in which are interpolated some of that artist's most exquisite drawings. This gives us just the bare reproducible facts about the life of the man, the names of his works, and a critical justification of his artistic standpoint. It is really marvellous that, with specimens of his work before us, a plea for Beardsley should be necessary. Surely, if ever human form harboured genius, it did in the case of the wayward young consumptive. There never was a capacity for taking pains more deserving of Carlyle's "infinite," even though they were so often directed to the elaborate concealment of the lack of technique. He said in myriads of lines what a lesser, a lazier, but more pretentious artist would have said in smudges. How indescribably grateful is the sensation, enjoyable by a tyro in art, of watching the evolutions of a Beardsley line, how full the admiration of the imagination which guided the hand that traced it, even though that which it drew was wholly unrepresentative of anything in life. It is beside the mark to condemn Beardsley's "point of view." True, such faces as he draws are conceived in the belief that vice is inherent in the mankind of every age. Beardsley Parisianises the countenance of everybody—he cannot depict beauty of face, or innocence. His types are, all of them, modern and vicious. But is one to condemn? It is a false standard of art to demand that the thing reproduced must have been seen externally. There is room, also, for the record of things seen internally. The artist must give what he sees, not what everybody else sees. Beardsley's physical and moral condition made it impossible for him to divine facial beauty in the human species. But what he did see he reproduced with beauty. Is not that enough? The Atalanta of the picture here reproduced, for instance, is worlds away from the Atalanta of one's dreams. But as the Atalanta of Mr. Beardsley's, it is supremely expressive.



Atalanta, According to Aubrey Beardsley

By no means the Atalanta of one's dreams, this drawing, on its own merits as a piece of work in pen and ink, and for its decorative qualities, is one of the artist's most striking things. Reproduced from Mr. Robert Ross's book, "Aubrey Beardsley" (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)

* * *

A Plea for the Whole Truth

The point to be asked about Mr. Ross's appreciation is, Is it complete? He says what there is to be said in defence of the artist, but seems to have failed to tell the public all that it ought to know about the man. That his inspiration was perverse is undoubted, but from what psychological causes? From Mr. Ross one might suppose that Beardsley, though artistically eccentric, was personally a puritan. There is no information as to his actual ways of life which should enable the reader to know and to understand the man. This, however, is part of the great whitewashing now in progress regarding a whole generation of artists and writers. We are invited to turn our attention wholly away from their lives and characters to rapt contemplation of their art. This will hardly do. The theory that art and character are dissociates is untenable. Art does, and will, depend largely on the

physical and mental attributes of the artist. It is no service to the cause of Art to attempt to obscure the facts, and he is the best critic of the artists of the *decadence* who reveals the whole truth, and is, himself, of sealed and certified Philistinity.

* * *

A Model of Heroism

The Wife of Lafayette (Eveleigh Nash: 15*s.*), by M. MacDermot Crawford, appears to be a labour of love rather than an essay in the critical and humoristic spirit such as makes for the more amusing forms of biography. That Adrienne de Noailles was an eighteenth-century *grande dame*, without being extravagant and fond of intrigue, a devoted wife to her remarkable Lafayette, and a survivor of the reign of terror, are points admirably enlarged upon. Perhaps Mr. Crawford might have condensed the subject with advantage. Here and there one could spare those glimpses of the obvious in which the author indulges. Nevertheless, *The Wife of Lafayette* is a charming book for the leisured reading of all interested in the decay of the old *régime* and in the men and women who fought through the darkness of terror towards the light.

* * *

A Famous Trial Recalled

In *Branded* (Greening: 6*s.*) Mr. Gerald Biss reconstructs, with very few disguises, one of the most famous poison dramas of the last quarter of a century, and in the doing has given us one of the best-written and most exciting "thrillers" of recent years. A period of some fifteen or eighteen years elapses between the trial scene in the first chapter, in which Mrs. Jerningham is found guilty, though on conflicting evidence, of the poisoning of her reprobate husband, and our introduction to two twin sisters, the daughters of Mrs. Jerningham, who had been adopted by a philanthropically disposed lady, and had been brought up in ignorance of their identity. The subsequent proceedings revolve around their several actions, when, upon their engagements, they receive the news of their parentage. The one engineers a runaway match with a young peer before the news can become known, and the other renounces her love, so that she shall not disgrace him, and also that she may minister to the wants of her mother, whose release after a "life" sentence is imminent. Finally, by a series of startling coincidences, Mrs. Jerningham's innocence is proved, and all ends happily. Those who wish to know how this is brought about must read the book, which I can promise them they will not put down until they have finished it. Only a few days ago I noticed in the papers that all trace had been lost of the two children of the defendant of the *cause célèbre* already referred to, and one wishes that this drama of real life could be cleared up as satisfactorily as is the mystery in Mr. Biss's absorbingly exciting novel.

* * *

For the Engineering Aspirant

The youthful fascination of "railways" I found was again upon me when I took up Mr. Hammond Hall's *The Young Engineer* (Methuen: 5*s.*). For the engineering aspirant no better gift-book could be found this Christmas-tide, for the information is conveyed in simple, not unnecessarily technical language, and its twenty-four chapters contain a most interesting mass of matter on the design and construction of both actual and model engines of almost every description. The plates are excellent and most instructive, and it is a pity some of the line diagrams do not come up to quite the same level.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mason Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, Miss Marie Corelli's house, where an armed admirer recently but unsuccessfully sought an interview with her

Miss Corelli experienced one of the drawbacks of popularity when a man, brandishing a six-chambered revolver, demanded an interview with her the other day on the score of an admiration for her works. The only interview he was successful in obtaining was one with the local magistrate

RACING NOTIONS By CARBINE

Photo] Steeplechasing at Sandown Park: Mr Bottomley's Musigny Comes to Grief at the Water [*Muggeridge*

WILL THE PARI-MUTUEL COME?

Some Points For and Against

I take it that what is called the Nonconformist Conscience is too strong nowadays in this country to make the adoption of the pari-mutuel on our race-courses at all likely. The strongest Government would probably shrink from bestowing its approval upon any suggestion of the kind. Yet the system has a great many advocates and many advantages. If run by the State, a percentage on the takings would bring in hundreds of thousands for the benefit of horse-breeding or the improvement of agricultural interests, or for any other purpose which the authorities might decide upon. Backers, for their part, would always get the correct odds about their "fancies," and the deafening roar of the ring would be heard no more. But as one who has staked his humble twenty francs at the booths at Longchamps or Auteuil and in this country has all too frequently accepted a "pinched" price from a leather-lunged gentleman on the rails, I am ready to admit that the pari-mutuel has disadvantages as well as good points. On a big race day there is always an uncomfortable crush at the ticket-boxes, and, unless one acts promptly in the *pesage*, there is little chance of securing a good place from which to see the race after making a bet at the mutuel. Another disadvantage of the French system is that it becomes practically impossible to "follow the money." In other words, it is difficult, excepting in pronounced cases, to tell which horse is really being made favourite. Consequently, one is betting in the dark.

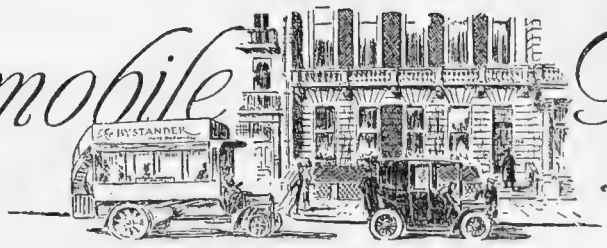
Its Prospects in England

With the small backers, the five and ten franc men, the mutuel is popular in France, and I question whether they would care to be deprived of this chance of wagering in a way which assures the payment of their winnings. On the other hand, people who bet in big money do not like the system. For one thing, it necessitates their carrying many notes and much cash about with them, since there is no "Monday settling" with the pari-mutuel. Again, they cannot make a bet without every detail becoming known to those who are watching and counting the number of the tickets. It seems to me, therefore, that if the pari-mutuel ever came into force into England, room would still have to be found for a proportion of the bookmakers; but I am sure that the majority of racegoers would welcome this opportunity of betting with themselves—for that is what the system really amounts to. The French Government have abolished the bookmakers because they found that they interfered with the mutuel profits. How great the latter are is not generally known, but Mr. Walter Raphael gave some interesting figures in his speech at the recent dinner of the Gimcrack Club. Last year, he said, 320 million francs passed through the mutuel, the tax on which, being 8 per cent., enabled the sum of one million pounds sterling to be devoted to breeding, to prize-money, and to charity. Those who know how little is done by the State in this country towards the support of horse-breeding will envy the French their profits from the mutuel. But I doubt whether it will ever come in England, not, at least, under Government auspices; the unco' guid are too strong for that.

Steeplechasing Notes

A keen young sportsman and gallant rider across country, Mr. C. Bewicke will be generally sympathised with in his recent severe accident at Sandown Park. Not only was he badly hurt himself, but his favourite horse, Old Fairyhouse, sustained injuries to which he soon succumbed. This was the animal which Mr. Bewicke bought at a big price mainly with an eye to winning the Grand Military Gold Cup two years ago, and he realised his ambition. The fact that the approach of Christmas has caused this issue to be sent to press much earlier than usual leaves me without full programmes for future racing events. There is every likelihood, however, of excellent steeplechasing at Kempton Park on Boxing Day, when **Jealousy** may win the Richmond Hurdle Race and **Abelard** the Park Steeplechase.

Automobile Topics



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Place Aux Dames

At the late Motor Exhibition at Olympia, and more recently at the Paris Salon, it was noteworthy that increasing attention is bestowed on all hands upon luxurious and comfortable carriage-work. As I pointed out a few weeks ago when dealing with our own exhibition, we have now arrived at a comparatively high state of efficiency in regard to mechanical matters, and it is but natural that the march of progress should make its way in the direction of improved design, fittings, and elegance. For this we must, in large measure, ascribe the incentive given to manufacturers by our women-folk, who, as the natural guardians of refinement and taste, are making their influence felt now that the mere man motorist has, to some extent, reached a point of satiety with the more prosaic details concerning cranks, carburettors, camshafts, and cylinders. We give in this week's BYSTANDER two very charming illustrations of cars which may well be termed the very acme of comfort and elegance, and of which their fair owners may justly feel proud. The Hon. Mrs. Assheton-Harbord is well-known in automobile and aeronautical circles, and her 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce limousine, which, by the way, is the third car of this type Mrs. Assheton-Harbord has owned, is a splendid example of what can be achieved by the up-to-date builder who has the benefit of the suggestions of a lady of culture and taste. Mrs. Harvey Du Cros is, of course, the wife of the ex-M.P. for Hastings, and she also is a lady who takes great personal interest in her motor carriages. Her latest acquisition is one of the new 1909 models of the 65 h.-p. six-cylinder noiseless Napiers, the limousine carriage-work of which is painted a very charming shade of dark green, the interior being upholstered in specially woven cloth of drab colour. Mrs. Harvey Du Cros is responsible for the many pretty and useful fitments which embellish the interior of the car, and makes constant use of this lordly vehicle when travelling between London and Hastings and Wallingford. As is to be expected, the wife of the chairman of the famous Dunlop Tyre Company has seen to it that the new detachable rims with Dunlop tyres are in evidence on her car.

* * *

Two-Cylinders Redivivus

That there is an increasing demand among private motorists for a really efficient two-cylinder car no one conversant with the trend of present-day opinion and

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Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Luxury and the Car: The Hon. Mrs. Assheton-Harbord, with her 40-50 h.-p. Six-Cylinder Rolls-Royce Limousine

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BY APPOINTMENT

Luxury and the Car: Mrs. Harvey Du Cros and her 65 h.-p. Six-Cylinder Noiseless Napier

As befits the wife of the Chairman of the famous Dunlop Tyre Company, Mrs. Du Cros takes a great personal interest in her fleet of cars, the latest addition to which is here illustrated

practice will deny. One could name off-hand a score of manufacturers of repute who have 'verted to the dual principle after flirtations more or less ardent among the fours and sixes, but I think the familiar, indispensable taxicab, now so well and favourably known to Londoners, is largely responsible for the present vogue. When the Renault Company put some hundreds of little red runabout cabs on the Metropolitan streets, many wiseacres were prompt to prophesy disaster, but the two-cylinder "taxi" has more than justified its existence, and its reliability, economy, durability, and simplicity are not only indisputable, but have provided an admirable object-lesson to many a motoring owner of much more pretentious machines. In this age of strenuous hustle there are many classes of the community to whom the possession of an automobile is a necessity. Professional and City men, to say nothing of members of the theatrical and variety professions, largely depend for success on the rapidity and economy with which they can follow their avocations, and there is no reason why the two-cylinder motor, which answers all the requirements of the taxicab proprietor and patron, should not prove equally successful under ordinary touring conditions when very high power and supreme luxury in carriage-work—involving, of course, great weight—are not considered a *sine quâ non*. It will be found, I think, that the ensuing twelve months will witness a still further development in the popularity of the two-cylinder motor, and those firms who have been far-sighted enough to discern the signs of the times will assuredly reap their reward in due season.

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A Hint on Headlights

In these dark days and darker nights, when fog and rain are apt to obscure the outlook, the possession of good headlights makes for safety as well as speed, and a writer in the *Motor News* cites a point on the proper fixing of lamps with which, from experience, I can heartily concur. Headlights, he says, should be placed so that when the car is standing on absolutely level ground the forks which hold them are so set that the lamp lenses are vertically parallel with a plumb-line held in front of them. The lamps should also be on a dead-level one with the other, as by this means the projected beams are used to best advantage. This is one of the small things in motoring to which, when due attention is paid, the trifling trouble carries its own recompense.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

At the Paris Salon, President Fallières visited the Continental Tyre stand, and paid great attention to the Company's new exhibits. No fewer than 711 wheels on exhibited cars wore Continental tyres.

After February 28, 1909, the Shell motor spirit bonus offer will no longer hold good.

Owners of Argyll cars will be interested to know that Messrs. Bell and Smart, late of that firm, have opened extensive premises at 48-50, Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., where spare parts may be had, and where repairs are executed under the personal supervision of Mr. Bell, late engineer to Argylls, London.

Dolloz, the French chauffeur who knocked down a boy at Worplesdown, and then decamped, only to be arrested at Southampton, thanks to the activity of the A.A. scouts, has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and to deportation at the expiration of his sentence.

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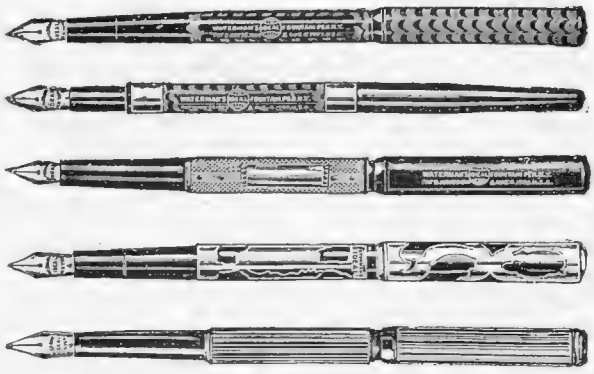

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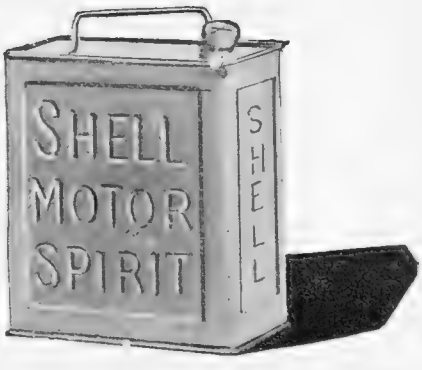
"Use Shell"



MORE MILES ON SHELL THAN ON ANY OTHER!

A.J.W.

ITS PERFECT PURITY—THAT'S THE POINT!

FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Everything points to the trimming of evening frocks with fur as an assured feature of the season. A finger-depth round and about the *décolletage*, repeated just a shade wider at the hem, is the most generally adopted proposal, the corsage further enhanced by some silver, gold, or jewelled garniture. I saw a dream of a white confection, some dull-finished, heavy material, between a satin and a *crêpe de Chine* that reminded one of the petals of a magnolia, which draped round the figure like an Ayah's dress, the hem and train weighted by a narrow line of skunk, that was repeated across one shoulder, above a shimmering fringe of silver bugles. These heavy, white silken fabrics are ideal for the plain, clinging gowns now in vogue, and are, in consequence, rapidly ousting the chiffon qualities. They are a very joy to the artist's eye, enframed in some dark, sombre fur—for choice, Russian sable; for cheapness, skunk.

A Velvet Skating Costume Trimmed with Skunk

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

A Velvet Skating Gown Trimmed with Skunk

The rapid growth of all manner of rinks, roller and ice, in our midst has provided a large incentive to consider the skating costume in its most alluring aspects. I have already spoken of the vogue of silk velvet for day toilettes, and have now to extol the merits of skunk as an effective decorative adjunct. Of all the furs to stand the wear inevitable at the foot of a skirt nothing surpasses skunk, mud, if left to dry, brushing off and leaving no lingering evidence of its presence. Hence its suitability for a skating costume that can be worn for this pastime, either at a rink or out of doors.

A grey cloth, arranged in the approved semi-fitting *tailleur* Princesse fashion, looks extremely well outlined round the V-shaped neck and continued down the front with skunk. A toque of skunk, plumed with a handful of those curious attenuated quills, concludes in a tuft of feathers, the stems held by a great barbaric *cabochon*.

Perhaps nothing has more forcibly declared the determined insistence of *La Mode* than this curious garment. By no stretch of the imagination can it be called elegant, and yet, nevertheless, it increases in acceptance every day.

A notable example recently submitted to me was expressed in mole cloth and coarse net, the latter worked over in fine *soutache* in a narrow, lightening design, all in tone, the neck scooped out over a fine black spot-net guimpe, mounted over flesh-coloured chiffon.

The original suggestion illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar is particularly charming. The velvet is of Lyons quality, and is arranged in a wholly original Princesse manner, indicating the natural line of the waist. Where the corselet ends there is introduced a finger-depth of fur, and this has the appearance of holding up the *fichu* folds, which are, apparently, cut all in one with a sleeve that is buttoned closely all the way up the back of the arm. A band of fur, again, hems the foot of the skirt, and also enframes a guimpe and collar of old lace, a becoming toque, carrying a great white

New Discovery Evokes Enthusiasm in the Medical World

The Registrar-General's latest report shows that diseases of the nervous system are directly responsible for the alarming proportion of 65 per 1,000 deaths.

Sir Thomas Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Physics of Cambridge University, in his celebrated work on "Neurasthenia" in his "System of Medicine," states that what is known as "Neurasthenia," or "Nervous Prostration," is common to all civilised people, but occurs most frequently among brain-workers in towns.

Cerebral neurasthenia, or "brain weariness," is marked by many symptoms. The mental faculties are clouded, and the sufferer is incapable of sustained mental effort, and always has his nerves on edge. Ordinary sounds that would not affect a person in health rasp the nerves; the head is filled with curious sensations, leaden or wooden, empty or full, with a heavy weight upon it, or with a tight band across the brows. Sleeplessness is one of the frequent symptoms—and the most dangerous—for in lack of sleep does "madness lie."

The modern disease of "Neurasthenia," or brain and nerve exhaustion, is notorious, says Dr. Cave, for its defiance of the British Pharmacopœia.

Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi

Physician-in-Ordinary to His Holiness the Pope

To-day, however, we are able to announce that where the whole wide world of drugs have failed, FOOD, or, rather, the Lecithinic Extract of Food, has now achieved a glorious victory.

Until Dr. Hartmann's recent discovery of the New and Natural principle of *feeding* the exhausted nerve-centres and connections, Medical Science (as admitted by Dr. Cave and other candid members of the Medical Profession) had failed to give relief—and certainly not a cure—in Nervous Disorders and Exhaustion. From actual experience, tangible proof is being given to the world of the marvellous results achieved by Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin," demonstrating clearly that his discovery cannot fail to have a lasting effect upon the health of the nations.

Since all nervous affections arise in the brain, and are caused by malnutrition, *i.e.*, its starvation, the cure for Neurasthenia lies in the question of supplying the nerve centre with proper food to allow due strengthening.

"Antineurasthin" is a preparation which contains all the nerve-building materials, "Lecithin," in a highly concentrated form. It is easily assimilated, and the benefits it confers are lasting. It has, therefore, nothing in common with medicines, drugs, or other stimulants. It is the natural nerve food, which nourishes the nerve system independently of the body. To everyone requiring a genuine tonic, to the man whose nerves have become unstrung through business worries, to the woman who has become supersensitive or morbid, this simple remedy will prove an inestimable benefit.

The following testimony comes from one of the most brilliant physicians in Europe:—

"Rome.

"DEAR SIR,—I made trial in my private practice of 'Antineurasthin,' and shall prescribe it henceforward, as it is an admirable agent for toning and strengthening the nervous system. I take the liberty of congratulating you on your discovery.

(Signed) "DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI,
"Physician-in-Ordinary to His Holiness Pope Pius X."

This is praise indeed, and the most satisfactory feature of Dr. Hartmann's success is that the congratulation of his medical confrère is **overwhelmingly supported by the testimony of medical men here, as well as of users of "Antineurasthin," whose original unsolicited letters can be seen at the offices of the Company.**

A week's treatment, together with two Medical Treatises, Reports, etc., may be obtained by sending remittance for 4*s.* 6*d.* to the Antineurasthin Company, 2, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C. Antineurasthin can also be obtained at BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS, ARMY AND NAVY STORES, and all other leading Chemists and Stores.

ALL BRITISH

Straker-Squire CARS

SPECIAL MODEL FOR 1909.

THE 14-16 h.-p. Four Cylinders.

PRICES:

Two-Seater	£315	complete
Four-Seater	£345	,,
Light Runabout	£315	,,

TRIAL RUNS
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LONDON, W.

WE INTEND TO CONFINE OUR WHOLE EFFORTS TO THE ONE MODEL FOR NEXT YEAR.

marabout osprey, while a flat granny muff imparts the finishing touches to a supremely elegant *ensemble.*

The Vogue for the Black Guimpe and Blouse

It is amusing to note the rapidity with which the recent "can-do-no-wrong" lingerie chemisette has had to give way before the more novel attractions of the black guimpe. For myself, I find the latter adorable, so infinitely more becoming to the majority of skins than that dead white enframing of the throat. However, I perceive a disposition, that must die hard, to mitigate the sombreness by the ubiquitous white frill.

We really ought to be utterly weary of that aggressive throat finish; it has had a most remarkable run, and has fallen incontinently into the clutches of the would-be dressy servant-class, who have invested it with their own peculiarly unhappy mediocrity of aspect. So let us, in the name of elegance, write its epitaph, and consider the later possibilities of the black guimpe, expressed either in minutely tucked chiffon, laid over with white or flesh-coloured chiffon, or a very fine-embroidered spot net.

Apropos of embroidered spots, quite the most covetable net for blouses, either black or white, is a large-worked *pois.* I have before my mental vision, as I write, a lovely ivory net confection, embroidered with spots rather larger than a sixpence in gold tinsel. And another I noticed was in a large mesh black tulle, heavily embroidered in black silk, the spot having a tendency to rise to a point in the centre. This model was fashioned in an exceptionally fascinating manner, the fronts cut away into a deep, wide square, outlined with gold *galon,* and ornamented below with a huge padded gold motif. The vest requisitioned to fill in the hiatus was of fine black net, slightly full, the top scooped out in a slight round, stitched at the edge with graduated gold leaf motifs, this in its turn enframing a guimpe of black tulle illusion mounted over flesh-coloured tulle. Worn with a Princesse black velvet skirt, no words can adequately describe the *chic* imparted by such a blouse. Although the above description reveals a mass of detail, the *ensemble* was simple in the extreme, the long, slightly rucked sleeves having the back of the arm outlined by a narrow alling *bouillonnée,* stitched with a line of narrow gold *galon.*

Photo *Boissonnas and Taponier*

Madame La Mode in Being

Mme. Paquin, the head of the world-famous Paris house, who has recently been paying a visit to this country

Concerning Soap

If you were asked to mention the best and most striking advertisement that has ever come your way, what would you name? For myself I think, without hesitation, I should award the palm to that beautiful reproduction of a gold medal in its satin case which was one of the earliest advertisements of the Vinolia Soap Company. Though this little gem of artistic advertising no longer adorns our magazines, the Vinolia Company's products are still the finest to be found in the soap world. Lovers of the best in toilet soaps will find their every wish gratified in Vestal Vinolia, while those who prefer a scented soap cannot do better than by using Violet Otto Vinolia. The mention of scent reminds me, too, of Carnation and Tulip d'Or, two delightful perfumes emanating from the same source; while two other toilet requisites commanding the closest attention are the Vinolia Plastic Emollient Cream and the Vinolia sanitary and antiseptic Violet Powder. Neither must I forget to mention the dainty little tubes of lip-salve of the same make, of equal excellence with the rest of the Vinolia productions.

A Sweet-Scented Xmas

One of the choicest presents for Christmas is Eau de Cologne. Everyone likes it, especially the "4711" brand. "4711" Eau de Cologne is now supplied in a dainty wooden box, containing six bottles bearing the famous hall mark on the original blue and gold label, at *12s. 6d.* In looking for a suitable present for Christmas, therefore, there is nothing upon which the giver may be so certain of a glad acceptance than a box of "4711" Eau de Cologne, the purest and best that can be purchased. "4711" Eau de Cologne can be obtained of all dealers in high-class perfumes throughout the world, but where there is any difficulty in obtaining it, R. J. Reuter, 5-7, Denman Street, W., will gladly send the name of the nearest agent.

Not Wholly New

I am acquainted with a clever old country-woman who boasts that she has not had a pair of new stockings for years and years. Asked to account for the excellent condition of her footwear, she explains, naively, that sometimes she knits new feet to her stockings, and sometimes new uppers—but the stockings are never *all* new.

I have a proposition something like that to lay before the thousands of BYSTANDER readers who are on the look-out for new suggestions to help them with their winter-season housekeeping.

Currant cookery is always on the advance, and it has been arranged that a great many new recipes shall be added to the very best of the old recipes in the new issue of the Currant Cookery Booklet, which is to replace the old edition.

Your own grocer has a supply of these little booklets, and will gladly give you a free copy if you ask him.

The Bystander, December 23, 1908

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 264.—Vol. XX. Wednesday, December 23, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

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OF

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UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

£6,000.—HERTS (near famous golf course).—For SALE, with

34 ACRES OF GOOD LAND,

the above RESIDENCE, with avenue drive, finely timbered gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, orchard, etc. Square hall, 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and ample offices. Modern sanitation. The stabling and farm-buildings are an important feature, the present owner having gone to considerable trouble and expense in perfecting these 8 loose boxes, gymnasium, and accommodation for numerous head of cattle, with covered yard, etc.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IN ESSEX HIGHLANDS.

On Gravel Soil, 315ft. above Sea.

45 MINUTES' EXPRESS RAIL FROM CITY.—A thoroughly well-established RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 16 acres, in fine, open, pleasant position away from motor dust. Views over large expanse of undulating country. Modernised House, with South aspect. 3 reception, billiard, 9 bed, fitted bath, conservatory, and verandah. Stabling. motor-house, lodge. Beautiful old grounds with o'd forest trees, large lawn, orchard, paddocks, and small farmery.

HUNTING AND GOLF NEAR.

Price £5,750 for Freehold, or would LET.—Agents HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CHALFONT ST. GILES.

Fine healthy position. Beautiful country.

NEAR GOLF AND GOOD TRAINS.

THE RESIDENCE AND STABLES.

£3,350.—Unique well-built RESIDENCE, with 6 acres of pretty grounds. Charming lounge hall with beamed ceiling, drawing room with inglenook, dining room and servery adjoining, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices.

THE BEAM AND PLASTER HALL.

Metal casements throughout, and three artistic coloured-glass lights. Small stable, in character with the House, and rooms over. Garden, orchard with over 100 fruit trees, and paddock.—Recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

UNDER 12 MILES FROM TOWN.

Unequalled Train Service.

SURREY, in good RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. Nicely furnished Modern RESIDENCE, with 3 reception.

FINE BILLIARD ROOMS,

7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Gas, Company's water, main drainage. Garden with tennis lawn. Moderate rent.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

Shooting over 500 acres.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

COMPACT AND BEAUTIFULLY FITTED RESIDENCE, occupying a

CHOICE SECLUDED POSITION

in its well-timbered grounds. Lounge hall, 3 capital reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc. Stabling and lodge. Pretty but inexpensive grounds, tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, and paddock. — Personally inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HAMPTON AND SONS are always in touch with TRUST FUNDS awaiting INVESTMENT in sums of

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PRICE ONLY £3,000.

UNDER 70 MINUTES OF TOWN, on G.E. Ry. main line, with express service.—For SALE (or might be LET, Unfurnished), the above picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE in charming gardens, on

GRAVEL SOIL. SOUTH ASPECT.

Entrance hall, 3 lofty and well-proportioned reception rooms, 5 large principal and 4 secondary bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms and usual offices, including servants' hall. Ample stabling, coach-house, etc. Extremely attractive and well-timbered grounds, tennis and croquet grounds, productive kitchen garden, vinery, in all about 3 acres. Two paddocks may be had by arrangement.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

600FT. UP. SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL.

SACRIFICIAL PRICE,

to ensure quick Sale.

SOMERSET.—£2,000 is all that is asked by Executors for the Freehold of the above substantially built RESIDENCE, finely situate amidst lovely surroundings, in excellent sporting and social district, near Chard and Taunton.

SUNNY ASPECT. SUPERB VIEWS.

Entrance hall, 3 reception and 9 bedrooms; bath, servants' hall. Stabling for 5, rooms for man. Cottage for gardener. Beautifully timbered grounds of exquisite charm, terraces, tennis lawns, shrubberies, pergola, walled kitchen garden, glass, and meadow-land of 5 acres.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, enjoying a high situation, about 100 yds. from the road, and approached by winding carriage drive, with lodge entrance. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 3, garage, and man's accommodation; the lovely old grounds are well timbered, and include tennis lawn, rose walks, flower and kitchen garden, orchard, woodland, pasture, in all about 35 acres. —Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,059)

400FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDSTONE SOIL.

AN HOUR FROM TOWN, occupying a very fine position with South aspect. — To be LET, Unfurnished, an attractive RESIDENCE, fitted with every modern convenience, and containing: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; 2 staircases; passenger hand-lift; the principal rooms are heated by hot-water coils; Company's gas and water; main drainage; excellent stabling, motor-house and pit. The lovely old grounds include 2 tennis lawns, bowling green, and small paddock, in all about 5 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,060)

SUSSEX (just outside a pretty village on the Surrey borders).—To be LET or SOLD, the above substantially erected RESIDENCE, nearly covered in creepers. It stands in 4½ acres, and contains: fine billiard room (33ft. by 24ft.), 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 2, and useful outbuildings.

The pretty old grounds include 2 good tennis lawns, flower borders, small orchard, fruit and kitchen gardens, small paddock, etc.; a large meadow in front can be rented if desired.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,112)

20 MILES FROM TOWN.

BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

DRY SOIL. FISHING.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 520 or 90 acres, with a sixteenth-century Residence in good preservation, having been restored at great outlay. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, picture gallery, 22 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 9; attractive pleasure grounds; excellent trout fishing in river running through grounds; farmery; hunting; Company's water; station 1¼ miles.—Details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,039)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling family jewels, old silver, furniture, pictures, prints, miniatures, china, coins, books, old lace, furs, musical instruments, guns, and other valuables, is drawn to

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S AUCTION GALLERIES, 9, CONDUIT STREET, and 23a, MADDOX STREET, W., which are OPEN DAILY to receive GOODS intended for early SALES. Valuations are prepared for fire insurance, estate duty, and all other purposes. Policy-owners are reminded that a signed inventory by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY greatly facilitates settlement with insurance companies after a fire.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, an attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 150 acres, comprising undulating pasture and woodlands in a ring fence. The commodious Family Residence contains: 3 reception, billiard, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5; 2 lodges, cottages, etc.

MODEL FARM-BUILDINGS AND DAIRY.

Electric light is installed.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,768)

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, COTTAGE, AND 50 ACRES.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE the above FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour; 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,912)

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. LAKES. FARMERY. COTTAGE.

BERKS (over 300ft. above the sea, on gravel soil). —To be SOLD, this FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 110 acres with a Residence, in nicely timbered grounds. Accommodation: 3 reception, billiard, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and usual offices; excellent supply of water; electric light; thorough system of sanitation; ample stabling, harness and cleaning rooms, coach-house and motor-house with pit; coachman's cottage; the gardens and grounds are inexpensive to maintain, and include tennis lawn, large vegetable garden, 3 orchards, greenhouse, vinery, etc.; gardener's cottage; there are 2 large lakes stocked with trout; the farmery includes 2 ranges of buildings well adapted for a

STUD FARM OR PEDIGREE HERD.

The land is nearly all old pasture in excellent condition, well fenced, and every paddock watered; 4 cottages.—Further particulars of

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE,

3 and 4, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (2,709)

AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

£3,500 WILL PURCHASE the above well-built FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in delightful old grounds of over 1 acre. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, 2 staircases; excellent stabling for 6 horses; entrance lodge; Company's gas and water; main drainage; sandy soil; near golf courses; hunting with 2 packs.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (1,792)

A FINE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 2,600 ACRES AND A GOOD INVESTMENT.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. EXCELLENT HUNTING AND SHOOTING.

THE STONE-BUILT MANSION is in the Elizabethan style, and stands in a deer park of over 600 acres. The House contains: entrance hall, ballroom or banqueting hall (64ft. by 22ft.), 4 fine reception rooms, billiard room, etc., and there are 28 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; electric light installed; stabling for 36, and tastefully laid-out gardens and grounds, ornamental sheet of water, etc. Second Residence (18 bedrooms), with stabling for 20, farms, cottages, etc., all (excepting one farm) let. Actual and estimated income, £3,967; outgoings, £173. There are 400 acres of woods, and the sporting is good; first-rate hunting. The Estate will be sold at a price at which it will form a good investment. —Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

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SURREY HILLS (close to Limpsfield Golf Links).—For SALE, at a greatly reduced price, this attractive COUNTRY HOUSE, 500ft. above sea, with grand views: 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; Company's water; gas (if required); stabling for 2; matured and secluded grounds, kitchen garden and greenhouse; extra paddock of 3 acres can be had; carriage drive, and cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,313)

HERTS (in a lovely district 40 minutes from London)—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from motor dust, and commanding splendid views; magnificently timbered grounds, kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, 7 acres; additional land if desired; stabling for 6 horses; 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; gas and Company's water; ¾ mile from station. Greatly reduced terms would now be accepted.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,059)

TO LOVERS OF OLD HOUSES.

HOME COUNTIES (within easy reach of London).—A charming little PROPERTY, comprising a genuine and beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, judiciously and accurately restored, and possessing many quaint and interesting features characteristic of the age, although supplied with modern conveniences. It contains: panelled reception rooms, about 8 principal bedrooms, bathrooms, with proportionate servants' rooms, and domestic offices; good stabling; men's rooms; cottages, etc.; the old-world pleasure gardens are very finely timbered, and in beautiful condition. There is also some very useful grassland.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,200)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE and WARWICKSHIRE BORDERS (near station on G.C. Ry. main line, close to village, post and telegraph office, 8 miles from Rugby, and in close proximity to several well-known meets of the Pytchley and Warwickshire Hounds.—To be SOLD, this picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in inexpensive and very pretty pleasure grounds, gardens, etc., of ABOUT 6 ACRES. It contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good domestic offices; first-rate stabling (mostly boxes) for 20 horses, coach-house, saddle and cleaning rooms, and several rooms for men; 2 modern cottages; excellent water supply; good drainage; lighted by petrol gas. 35 ACRES OF EXCELLENT LAND CAN BE PURCHASED.—Inspected and strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,515)

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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

TO GOLFERS AND OTHERS.

WALTON-ON-THE-HILL GOLF LINKS (close to), 550ft. above sea; grand views.—To be SOLD, a particularly attractive COUNTRY HOUSE and 13 acres, 1 mile from station, under an hour from the City: 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, suite of capital reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling; motor-house; charming grounds and meadow-land; Company's water; modern drainage.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,128)

£1,600 WILL PURCHASE a medium-sized COUNTRY RESIDENCE and 20 ACRES, in a lovely district near Tintern Abbey, between Chepstow and Monmouth: 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 4 sitting rooms; stabling for 3 horses; pleasure and kitchen gardens, and grassland; 1½ miles from station; high position; splendid views.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,867)

HERTFORDSHIRE (in a pretty part of, between Hatfield and Potters Bar, 500ft. above sea level). — £2,750 will PURCHASE a capital FAMILY HOUSE with stabling and grounds of 3 acres, in a perfectly rural district, dry, bracing air, free from fog; high position; magnificent views: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 spacious reception rooms, large hall; well-timbered gardens, 2 paddocks, and farmery; long carriage drive; free from motor nuisance.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,241)

12 ACRES. 12 BED. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

70 MINUTES FROM TOWN (1½ miles' express station).—Modern RESIDENCE, occupying secluded position, and containing: large square hall, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 10 bed, 2 dressing, 2 bathrooms; stabling, coach-house, and rooms over; 2 full-sized tennis and 1 croquet lawn, orchard, garden, and paddocks. To be SOLD.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,923)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS (600ft. above the sea, sheltered, on gravel, grand views, ¾ mile from station, 50 minutes from London).—The reduced price of £6,000 will be taken for a substantially built, red-brick COUNTRY HOUSE and 13 ACRES: stabling for 4, 2 cottages, farmery; pleasure and kitchen gardens, glasshouse, orchard, woodland, and grassland; 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception, conservatory, servants' hall.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,155)

45 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

CHELMSFORD (2 miles from; near a charming old-world village with quaint green).—£2,300 for an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, containing: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, panelled hall, and ample offices; stabling for 3; tennis and croquet lawns; gravel soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W (23,224)

WOKING (2 miles from, overlooking a beautiful common) — Old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 14½ ACRES for SALE, at a moderate price; high situation, 300yds. from road, with lodge entrance: billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms: good stabling, coachman's house; attractive grounds, shrubberies, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and 3 paddocks; sandy soil; near village.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,209)

EAST GRINSTEAD (near).—£3,300 will PURCHASE this capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling for 3; 4-roomed cottage; pretty pleasure gardens; well-stocked kitchen garden, and glasshouses; occupies a high situation; South aspect; lovely views; 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; 12 minutes from station; easy reach of Ashdown Forest golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,205)

HERTS, OVERLOOKING FINE PRIVATE PARK.

ADMIRABLY PLANNED MODERN HOUSE of exceptional merit: quaint lounge hall, 3 reception rooms with window seats, panelled walls, and reproduction of Tudor ceilings, bath, 10 bed and dressing rooms; garage; 2 tennis lawns, flower garden, and belt of fine old woodland, affording charming shady retreat. To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,829)

GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE. MODEL FARM.

500FT. ABOVE SEA, in very pretty rural district, 25 miles from London.—Extremely comfortable, old-fashioned HOUSE; electric light; modernised; approached by long drive, with lodge, and containing: 14 bed, 4 large reception rooms excellent stabling and men's quarters; very prettily arranged gardens and lawns, woodlands with charming walks, orchards, and meadows, 155 acres in all; model farmery of excellent design, and giving very ample and first-class accommodation for pedigree and dairy farms. To be SOLD; worth the money.—Recommended from inspection by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,936)

UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—This exceptionally well-built and charming COUNTRY HOUSE, with 16½ or 80 ACRES, TO BE SOLD at a moderate price. Conveniently situated midway between Brighton and London, 200ft. above sea level, ½ mile from station; billiard room, suite of handsome reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; gas and water laid on; stabling for 6 horses, coachman's accommodation; model farmery, cottages, and bailiff's house; magnificently timbered pleasure grounds, ornamental water, kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.; hunting, fishing, golf. Inspected and recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (18,994)

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TO YACHTING MEN AND OTHERS.

HANTS.—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, well back from road, pretty grounds of 3½ acres: 3 reception, 6 bed, bathroom; stabling 3; about 1 mile from sea. Price, Freehold, £2,000. Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,412)

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SUSSEX (Hayward's Heath district).—Well-furnished RESIDENCE, for a few months or longer: 10 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms; electric light, etc.; stabling; beautiful grounds and parklands; 300 acres shooting.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 899)

£120 PER ANNUM, WITH SHOOTING OVER 750 ACRES.—Fine old HOUSE, amidst fine grounds and grassland of 17 acres: 9 bed and dressing, bathroom, 3 reception; stabling for 6; cottages; good sporting locality.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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HALF AN HOUR FROM LONDON, with frequent service.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very pleasant position on the top of a hill: lounge hall (27ft. by 17ft.), dining room (25ft. by 16ft.), drawing room (21ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), library, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; electric light; gas and Company's water laid on; telephone installed; the garden contains some fine old oak and silver birch trees; well-made tennis court, rockery, etc.—Box K 4,008, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS (close to Huntercombe Golf Course), 350ft. above sea level, on gravel soil.—To be SOLD, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, surrounded by old trees, orchard, and garden: entrance hall with stove, cloak room, large dining room with inglenook, drawing room leading on to tennis court, both rooms have beamed ceilings and polished wood-block floors, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for 2 and good men's rooms; all drains laid in concrete; well-stocked orchard and fruit garden, with rustic rosery, pergolas, etc., and wall fruit and meadow-land, in all about 16 acres. Would be Sold with less land.—Box K 4,006, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice position, commanding magnificent views. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and contains: spacious hall, billiard room, 3 reception rooms and conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; capital detached stabling for 4, harness room, coach and motor-houses, and 2 men's rooms; delightful pleasure grounds, ornamental lawns, herbaceous borders, 2 good tennis lawns, walled fruit and kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, in all about 13 acres; near excellent golf courses.—Box K 2,902, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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6½ ACRES. PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE.

TO BE SOLD.—An attractive COUNTRY PROPERTY of 6½ acres, with an old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 4 reception and billiard rooms, conservatory, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 6; hunting, boating, and golf.—Box K 3,510, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

URGENTLY WANTED TO PURCHASE, 1 to 2 hours from Town, Sussex or Hants preferred, a small old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, with old garden and paddock; 8 to 10 bedrooms (or would add); small stabling; price up to £3,000 or £4,000; a farmhouse capable of being made a gentleman's residence would be entertained.—Particulars to "RETIRED," care of Box K 5,050, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, a FARMHOUSE of the Queen Anne or Georgian period, with a little land (about 12 to 20 acres), within 5 miles of a good station, South of London or Bucks preferred; photo if possible.—"R. D.," care of Box KF 5,096, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN A PRETTY PART OF SUSSEX.

£3,750 WITH 26 ACRES.—A great bargain; the HOUSE is old-fashioned, but in excellent order, and contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses; ½ mile from station.—Full particulars on application to Box K 4,082, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE (35 minutes from Town).—A charming little HOUSE, with 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, in well-matured grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach-house and outbuildings; will be Sold considerably below cost.—Apply, Box K 4,061, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE WINTER, about 16 miles north of London, quite in the country, a warm, comfortable HOUSE, on gravel soil, occupying a bright situation on high ground. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling; a moderate rent will be accepted from a good tenant.—Box KF 743, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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Charming and inexpensive grounds.

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Over 300ft. above sea. Gravel soil. Electric light.

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Beautifully laid-out grounds, planted with 4,000 rose trees.

Also old Farmhouse, stabling and outbuildings, with lands extending in all to 87 acres, which might be divided.

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Price for Freehold, £7,500.

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ROUGH SHOOTING. TROUT FISHING.

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TO BE LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or for SALE, this old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing 600ft. above sea level, approached by a drive quarter of a mile in length, with outer and inner lodges, and commanding grand views over the Quantocks and sea.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, 12 bedrooms, 2 nurseries, workroom, etc., usual domestic offices, including butler's bedroom, and 2 men's rooms.

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Stabling for 12 horses, large coach-house with coachman's rooms; farm, mill with house, and 7 cottages. The pleasure grounds extend to about 10 acres, and are well timbered.

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BUCKS (in the most picturesque and historic part of the county, amongst delightfully wooded hills, 400 ft. above sea level, 2 miles from station, with excellent train service to Town).—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, this FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising the above most attractive Residence, standing on gravel soil, well away from the road, and approached by a carriage sweep with lodge at entrance.

Contains: 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom (h. and c.), 2 linen cupboards, principal and secondary staircases, lounge hall with fireplace, library, drawing room, dining room, smoking room or servants' hall, ample domestic offices; the outbuildings are very compact, and include stabling for 4, double coach-house, harness room, with 3 living rooms above; the pleasure grounds are well laid out, and comprise well-grown shrubberies, large tennis and croquet lawns, rose arbour, enclosed garden of over an acre, well sheltered by a plantation of fir trees, 2 hothouses, peach, nectarine and melon houses, capital vinery, tool shed, etc., 2 lodges, homestead; the whole Property has an area of about

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Rent, Furnished, 10 guineas weekly.
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RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 205 ACRES.

ISLE OF WIGHT (in the midst of good shooting and hunting).

For SALE, a FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 205 ACRES, with the above fine old historical Jacobean Manor House, occupying an enviable position 200ft. above sea level.

The House contains: oak-panelled halls, drawing room entirely panelled in oak and lighted by 6 windows, oak-panelled and beamed ceiling dining room with dog grate, study, complete domestic offices, 9 principal bed-dressing rooms, 5 servants' bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); modern sanitation; telephone installation; excellent range of stabling; the old-fashioned grounds of about 22 acres are inexpensive to maintain; 2 cottages and pair of model villas; the farm (at present let off) has a good modern homestead, 3 cottages, and excellent farm-buildings.

Further particulars, apply
F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,285)

WITH LODGE, AND ABOUT 10 ACRES.

SUSSEX (within 2½ miles of a station).—For SALE, the above picturesque RESIDENCE, placed in a healthy and beautiful locality. The House, which stands some 450ft. above sea level, is approached by a drive with pretty lodge at entrance, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, principal and secondary staircases; modern sanitation; main water supply now available; stabling for 3 or 4 horses; coach-house, and 4 living rooms over.

The grounds, including tennis and croquet lawns, extend to about 30 acres. The House would be Sold with less land if required.

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DEVON (near Torquay, standing on high ground in a sunny position, with beautiful land and seascape views).—To be LET, Furnished, the above commodious and quaint old HOUSE, containing: 3 large reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); modern drainage; main water supply; large and well-stocked garden.

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FOR SALE AT £1,750 FREEHOLD.

AN OLD-FASHIONED TIMBERED CEILING FARMHOUSE,

within 1 mile of a station on the G.C.R., standing about 800ft. above sea level, with S.W. aspect.

Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices; extensive outbuildings, including stabling for 4 horses. The grounds extend to

17 ACRES,

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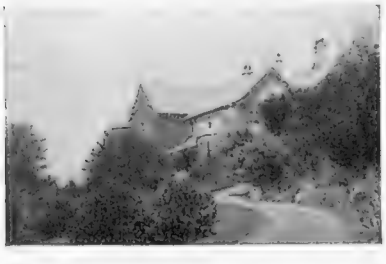

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DO YOU COUGH?
TAKE
KEATING'S LOZENGES
Tins 13½°
YOU WON'T COUGH.

Essays at Reviews of Pop-in-Taw.

[BY RUMOUR'S AGENCY.]

The Press shows various views on varying topics, but "when they do agree their unanimity is wonderful." In praise of Pop-in-Taw, Liberals and Conservatives, Tariff Reformers and Free Traders are at one.

The *Times*, for instance, suggests that it may offer a box of the *Times* edition of Pop-in-Taw to all who pay their subscriptions for three years in advance.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in the *Morning Post*, writes:

Though there are many suggestions as to the use of a primitive Pop-in-Taw in proto-history, I fail to trace any records of actual Games played by the Arunta, or by the Greeks in the surge and thunder of the Odyssey. The earliest authentic account is that of the historic Game played by Mary Queen of Scots with Darnley at Holyrood, and its denunciation by the dour Mr. Knox, a fitting theme for the romances of Walter Scott, Mr. Louis Stevenson, or Mr. Hewlett. Later on, Scots history brings us to the fascination exercised by the Game over the young Chevalier, who played it with Flora Macdonald. The recent theory of the marvellous cone-play of the Maid of France is demonstrably untenable.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in the *Illustrated London News*, says:

Pop-in-Taw is an artistic science and a scientific art. Whilst some talk of popping steelies into cones, I pop them from the cones on to the shovels, and then I shovel the cones on to the steelies.

The *Daily Express* says:

TARIFF REFORM
MEANS
MORE MONEY TO SPEND ON POP-IN-TAW.

The *Daily Mirror* would prefer to send on a free trip to Japan all pretty girls who send in their photographs taken whilst playing the Game of Games.

The Editor of the *Evening News* says:

I am preparing a late yellow edition to chronicle the results of the latest Pop-in-Taw matches from day to day.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in the *Manchester Guardian*, collects his early recollections of the Game, which go back to his school days at Harrow. He recalls the late Mr. Gladstone's indignation at the scimitar play of Beaconsfield, and how as a young man he himself played at Pop-in-Taw with the Duchess of Bedford, Dr. Pusey, and Mr. Mathew Arnold.

Garden Hedges

Although brick walls are more useful in the kitchen garden, live hedges are certainly better suited to the ornamental part of the grounds. Thorn, privet, and mysobalan plum are the plants most commonly used, chiefly because they are of rapid growth, the last especially, and any of them may be planted now. The site should be deeply dug and heavily manured, and afterwards the plants should be cut down to within a foot of the surface. Unless this is done, most of the growth will be made at top, and the base will be more or less bare. For the same reason the hedge, as it grows, should be clipped, not in a vertical plane, but sloping back slightly towards the top. Light and air can then more readily reach the bottom and strengthen the growth there, and more moisture will penetrate to the roots. The question of moisture is a very important one. For if the soil under and close to the hedge is dry the roots must travel far in search of water, and the farther they travel the more plants they will interfere with. Every effort should be made, by supplying them with what they need, to keep them within their own boundaries.

Christmas Roses

Handlights are very useful in the garden—more particularly for protecting hardy plants from damp in winter than tender plants from frost. The hellebores, or Christmas roses, will serve as an instance. Mostly natives of Central or Eastern Europe, they are perfectly hardy, and neither the flowers nor the thick, fleshy leaves, which are characteristic of so many evergreens, are injured by frost. They have had to endure it, often in an extreme degree, for countless generations, and they have gradually reached a stage at which it is powerless against them. But heavy rain soon spoils the white flowers, and if they are also splashed with mud their beauty is gone. A handlight over them is the simplest way of protecting them, but it should not be closed except when necessary to exclude rain or snow. Fresh air is as important for the hellebores as it is for other plants. There are a number of different species, but the common one (Helleboras niger) is still the best. There is a variety of it, alternifolius, sometimes called maximus, with larger flowers than the type. If desired, when the buds are formed, the plants may be potted and moved into a cool or cold greenhouse.

H. C. Davidson.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

In Rugged and Picturesque Andalusia: A Corner of the Town of Ronda, which King Alfonso is Shortly Visiting

Among the olive and vine-clad hills of Andalusia, and some thirty miles from Gibraltar, is situated the town of Ronda on the edge of a rugged cliff, where it was founded by the Moors. The rock on which the town stands is cleft in twain by a deep chasm which divides the new and the old city, the two portions being connected by two bridges, one of which is 276 feet above the spot where the River Guadiaro boils and tumbles along its rocky bed. Ronda is the scene of a celebrated fair each year, at which the Andalusian spirit of colour and gaiety has full sway. The King of Spain is shortly visiting the town, which, despite its old-world atmosphere, already has its Hotel Victoria in honour of Spain's English Queen

Patent Brass Towel Rail and Cast-Iron Radiator for Bathrooms, Lavatories, &c., &c.

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The width of the Radiator proper is 4⅜in., but over the Towel Rail it is 8⅜in., and the Towel Rail adds 11 5-8in. to the length for each size. The Towel Rail can be supplied Nickel Plated, and the Radiator can be made Rustless.

Made in 9 to 18 sections, the 9 sections measure 1ft. 11 3-8in. over the Radiator proper, and each extra section adds 2 9-16in. Made by

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Lace or Button Knees. Split Fall or Fly Front.

But as Hunting Breeches, very clean at knees, universally acknowledged best fitting & Value Breeches worn. Perfect freedom in Riding, Shooting, Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Motoring, &c. In Real Harris & Scotch Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, Riding Cords, & for Home & Colonial hard wear. BURBERRY'S famous GABARDINE Thorn, Rainproofed, & washable.

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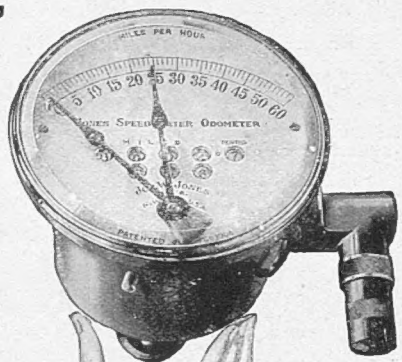

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INSTANT RELIEF.

Glen Alva

3/- PER BOTTLE WHISKY

The Menu: FOUR METHODS OF COOKING THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY

Roast Turkey and Chestnut Stuffing
Boiled Turkey, with Oyster Stuffing
Braised Turkey
Devilled Turkey

Roast Turkey and Chestnut Sauce

Take about three dozen chestnuts, roast and peel them, and then put them in a saucepan with some good veal gravy or white stock. Let them boil in this for about twenty minutes, then drain off the gravy, and when they are quite cold mince them finely. Take a tablespoonful of grated ham, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper, a piece of grated lemon-peel, a pinch of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Mix all well together, adding the chestnuts, and moistening the whole with 2oz. of butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Place this stuffing in the crop of the turkey, cover the breast with a piece of fat bacon or buttered paper, and roast at a distance of eighteen inches from a clear fire. A turkey weighing twelve pounds will take about three hours. Serve it with good gravy and bread-sauce in a tureen.

Boiled Turkey, with Oyster Stuffing

Take a medium-sized turkey and stuff it with the following ingredients: Chop 4oz. of suet very finely, mix it with 6oz. of breadcrumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, and grated nutmeg to taste. Take the beards off two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor strained, and, lastly, two eggs. Truss the bird and tie it in a cloth. Place the turkey breast downwards in boiling water, and when it has come again to the boil, skim well and simmer gently for an hour and a half, or longer, according to size. Serve with a thick white sauce poured over, and garnish with fried sausages. A boiled tongue is an excellent accompaniment to this dish.

Braised Turkey

An old turkey that would not be fit for roasting answers well for braising. Put a ¼lb. of butter into a large stew-pan with 1lb. of lean bacon, cut into small pieces. Let them cook for a few minutes, then lay in the bird, placing it breast downwards. Cook it slowly over a moderate fire until it is of a nice colour. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir well till the gravy thickens, then add two quarts of broth, and, when on the point of boiling, a carrot, a turnip in slices, a few button onions, some parsley, thyme, and a glass of wine. Stew very gently for four hours or longer, according to the size and age of the turkey. Remove the bird and keep it hot. Put vegetables and sauce into a small stewpan. Simmer them for a few minutes, skimming off the fat as it rises. Dish up the turkey, arrange the vegetables round it, with alternate heaps of cooked chestnuts, and pour the sauce over them.

Devilled Turkey

Divide the legs and make some incisions in them with a sharp knife. Season them with pepper, salt, cayenne, and lemon-juice. Spread a little butter over them, and broil over a clear fire. Serve very hot. EMILIA.

CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

To facilitate preliminary arrangements for those who will in a few days' time be "homeward bound" for Christmas, or on their way to spend the festive season in their own way at some favourite resort, we give a brief digest of the railway arrangements of our chief railway companies.

Great Northern Railway

The Great Northern Railway Company have considerably extended their usual list, and excursions will be run to all the principal stations in the North-Eastern District and Scotland on Thursdays, December 24 and 31, for four, five, or eighteen days; also on Thursday, December 24, to Lynn, Norwich, Lincoln, Grimsby, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Newcastle, and many other stations in the North-Eastern District for three, four, five, or nine days, whilst a special midnight excursion will also be run for two, three, or four days to the principal stations in the West Riding District on Thursday, December 24.

Great Central Railway

In a worthy spirit of enterprise the Great Central Railway Company are catering handsomely for the Christmas traffic. Most extensive arrangements have been made for the running of express trains, with buffet-car accommodation, at cheap fares, from Marylebone on Sunday, December 20, Thursday (Christmas Eve), and Saturday (Bank Holiday) to over 300 of the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and the general districts of the North. Full particulars of these arrangements are contained in an A.B.C. excursion programme.

Westward Ho!

If one is on the look-out for a spot where the temperature is the mildest for the time of year, one naturally turns to some of the beautiful resorts in Devon and Cornwall, such as Ilfracombe, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Falmouth, Newquay, St. Ives, Penzance, etc., where a warm and equable climate, together with pure, healthy air, will be found. This year there will be excursions from Paddington Station by the Great Western Railway to Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, the Scilly Isles, South Wales, Ireland *via* Fishguard, the Midlands, North Wales, Channel Islands, Brittany, etc., etc. Full information with regard to train services, fares, travel books, etc., can be obtained, together with a special Christmas excursion programme, from any G.W. office.

Midland Railway

A series of special excursions will be run between St. Pancras and Leicester, Nottingham, and Sheffield during Christmas week, and among the other facilities offered are excursions to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc., on Thursdays, December 24 and 31, for four, five, or eighteen days. Tickets will also be issued to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, etc., *via* Heysham or *via* Liverpool; to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, etc., *via* Heysham, *via* Liverpool, or *via* Stranraer and Larne, on Wednesday, December 23, and *via* Barrow on Thursday, December 24.

Christmas on the Continent

Exceptional facilities are offered by the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route for visiting Holland and Germany during the Christmas holidays. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the principal towns in Holland the following morning—Cologne at noon, Berlin, Dresden, and Bale in the evening. Tickets at reduced fares will be issued to Brussels, *via* Harwich and Antwerp, December 21, 22, 23, 24, and 26, available for eight days.

For those so inclined, a better choice than the French Riviera cannot be made, even for a short stay, and for their special convenience an excursion is announced to leave London on Wednesday, December 23, by which the return fare to any of the French Riviera resorts is only £6 12s. This special service will leave Holborn Viaduct Station at 11 a.m., and will run *via* Dover and Calais and Paris—the short sea and direct route.

Christmas Parcels Traffic

Most of the railway companies are now vieing with the G.P.O. in promptness and security in the collection and despatch of Christmas parcels, and it is well to note that the London and North-Western, the Midland, the Great Central, the Great Northern, and the Great Western Railways have all made special arrangements to deal with this most important feature of their Christmas traffic.

"NO MORE SKIN ILLNESS"

Relief, restful nights free from irritation, and certain cure await all sufferers

PERHAPS you will pardon our asking you two or three straight and plain questions. Does your skin get red, rough, and chafed easily? Have you spots, pimples, or blackheads on your face, or a rash or breaking-out in any part of your body? Are you worried, annoyed, and made miserable by skin irritation or eczema on your face, arms, legs, back, or chest? Are there any other signs that your skin is at all unhealthy, or is needing attention? If so, you will be glad to know that "Antexema" will cure you. Not only so, but the moment "Antexema" touches the bad place the irritation will immediately stop, and

Your Cure will have Commenced

The immediate relief "Antexema" will give you from itching, however incessant, is wonderful. Time after time people write to us to say that the first night that they used "Antexema" was the first night for months that they have enjoyed restful sleep. Try "Antexema," and you will be as delighted as they were. The "Antexema" treatment is a medical treatment, and was the discovery of a leading doctor who made a special study of skin ailments and their cure. "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment, but is, on the contrary, a milky-looking liquid, and when gently applied to the skin it is almost immediately absorbed and its healing virtues begin their beneficent work. Whilst this is going on, the affected part is covered by a sort of invisible artificial skin, which protects it from germs and injury. "Antexema" should be immediately applied to scratches, cuts, pimples, or broken skin, because it is through these channels that the germs of disease and blood-poisoning enter the system. The antiseptic properties of "Antexema" are, therefore, of the greatest value, as they disarm the germs, render them powerless for mischief, and thus prevent serious troubles.

Why be Disfigured, Tortured, and Humiliated?

The words disfigured, tortured, and humiliated exactly describe the misery skin sufferers have to endure. Nothing can be more exasperating to a sensitive mind than to know that those you meet are noticing some breaking-out or blemish on your skin. Nothing is so disfiguring as a skin which is red, rough, pimply, or scurfy, or which has upon it an angry-looking eruption, and certainly nothing worries or torments the sufferer like the itching of eczema or some other irritating skin ailment. Not only is this true, but all such annoyances and miseries are absolutely unnecessary. You can be immediately relieved and quickly cured, for "Antexema" will not only cure you, but do this completely and permanently.

Many skin sufferers find it hard to believe that they can be cured. Over and over again they have tried some so-called remedy, and found it utterly useless. They have been to doctors and skin specialists, and obtained no benefit, and a cure seems to them impossible.

The Most Wonderful Cures

we have effected have been in instances in which a cure seemed out of the question and all hope had been abandoned. "Antexema" came on the scene and carried away, as if by magic, all the trouble, and the former sufferer has now as clear and spotless a skin as anyone could wish for. You would be interested in seeing the letters of grateful thanks we receive from those who in the past suffered skin martyrdom. Why not personally test the remedy that works such wonders?

We are anxious that every skin-tortured man, woman, or child and baby should find in "Antexema" relief, comfort, ease, and skin health. We ask you two questions: First, are you suffering from any kind of skin trouble, and, second, have you tried "Antexema"? If you haven't tried "Antexema" you have not yet used the one certain cure for your trouble.

All Chemists and Stores supply "Antexema" at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or post free, direct in plain wrapper, for 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" can be obtained of chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions. A copy of our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," is enclosed with every bottle of "Antexema."

These pictures illustrate two or three of the daily uses of "Antexema" in the home. "Antexema" is equally useful for young and old, and for slight skin troubles as for severe ones, whatever the part of the body affected, "Antexema" never fails to cure

The Editor's Box

Facts that Speak

It is the children who are the sorest sufferers by the present distress, and Dr. Barnardo's Homes stand, as for

A Tale of a Tub

A tiny member of the great family of 8,000 boys and girls in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, whose daily food bill alone amounts to £240

forty-two years they have stood, in the very front rank of those who are trying to alleviate their woes. The statistics are striking to the last degree. One reads of a rescued family which always numbers over 8,000 boys and girls. There were 2,804 admissions last year, and the total admissions to date number 67,417. There are 137 separate branches daily in active operation for different classes of the stranded and the destitute! 1,439 babies below five years of age are under the care of the homes, and 1,075 who are in some way or other afflicted. This year they have emigrated to Canada four batches of trained young people—630 boys and 313 girls—bringing up their grand total to 20,670. 4,520 of the 8,000 little people of the Homes are boarded-out in rural cottages. Over a dozen trades are busily going, and the young workers are being well fitted to earn their bread as the world's skilled workmen. Besides the teaching and clothing of these 8,000 destitute little ones, there is the feeding of them: £240 is required every day in this direction alone. The Homes are dependent entirely upon voluntary contributions for their support. Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., the Honorary Director of the Homes, sits daily at the receipt of custom at the Head Offices, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E., and we are sure he will be delighted, *especially at this Christmas season*, to hear from any of our readers who sympathise to the extent of a cheque or postal order.

Something New in Clocks

A clock without a face is something of an innovation, but a reliable time-piece, which at first sight would be taken merely for a school globe of the world, has been placed on the market under the name of the Chronosphere. In fact, one's first impressions would not be wrong, for the Chronosphere is a tiny model of this terrestrial globe, and, moving at the earth's actual speed, the correct time is recorded on the fixed ring dial placed immediately over the Equator. A pointer fixed over London will tell the exact time in this country, but should one require to know the time in, say, Vienna or Pekin, this pointer may be moved Eastwards till it covers the spot required, when the exact hour will be recorded on the dial. For educational purposes, for commercial and shipping circles, and for telegraph companies this invention is invaluable, while at the same time it affords a handsome and ornamental clock for drawing-room, dining-room, or study, and is particularly suitable for presentation purposes. The Chronosphere can be obtained in two sizes from Messrs. Burchett, 69, Cheapside, E.C., for £3 3*s*. and £6 6*s*.

Egyptian Cigarettes

Messrs. Maspero Frères' Egyptian Cigarettes possess a delicacy and charm, combined with a seductive fragrance, which have never been realised in such perfection before. They are of one quality—the finest. Their three brands are the Bouton Rouge, Felucca (medium strength), and Nilometer (mild and aromatic). A Christmas present of one or other of these brands is a gift that a lover of cigarettes will very greatly appreciate.

The Cattle Show

The Smithfield Cattle Show was, we understand, disinfected by the Sanitas Company, Ltd. to whom this important task has been entrusted for many years past.

A Drip-Catcher

Few things are more annoying, and yet few things are more unavoidable, than wine-stains on the tablecloth, so that hostesses may well welcome the appearance of a wine drip-catcher, which can be attached to any bottle, and will effectually prevent the inevitable "drip" sullying the whiteness of the cloth. This neat little invention, of which we give an illustration in use, may be obtained in Welbeck Plate at 2*s*. 6*d*., or in solid silver at 5*s*., at the Alexander Clark Co., Fenchurch St.

The Drip-Catcher

This ingenious invention effectively prevents the inevitable drip reaching and soiling the table-cloth

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GANESH EASTERN CREAM keeps the skin free from chaps, making it soft and smooth. Made up to suit all skins, **10/6, 6/6, 3/6.**

PATENT GANESH CHIN STRAP removes double chins, restores lost contours, takes away line running from nose to chin, **21/6** and **25/6.**

PATENT GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP removes lines from forehead and corners of eyes, is good for neuralgia, **25/6.**

Send for Lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," 6*d*.; also for Corset Catalogue.

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